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THE

WORLD IN A VILLAGE;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY

JOHN O'KEEFE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

Tony Lumpkin in Town; The Son-in-Law; The Dead Alive; Agreeable Surprize; Caſtle of Andaluſia; Fontainbleau, or Our Way in France; The Poſitive Man; The Poor Soldier; Love in a Camp, or Patrick in Pruſſia; The Farmer; The Young Quaker; Beggar on Horſeback; Peeping Tom; The Priſoner at Large; The Toy, or Hampton-Court Frolicks; Wild Oats, or the Strolling Gentlemen; Little Hunchback; The Siege of Curzola; Modern Antiques, or the Merry Mourners; The Highland Reel; Birth-day, or Prince of Arragon; Sprigs of Laurel; The London Hermit, or Rambles in Dorſetſhire; &c. &c.

LONDON:

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PROLOGUE,

Written by MR. TAYLOR,

Spoken by MR. HOLMAN.

IN theſe dread times, when WAR's unſated rage
Crowds with diſaſters LIFE's eventful ſtage,
When the full trumpet and embattled ire
Drown the ſoft warblings of the ſlighted Lyre,
The MUSES' lonely haunts no more diſplay,
Among their with'ring blooms, the POET'S BAY
The partial ſoil, THE LAUREL only rears,
For martial wreaths, that *vegetate in tears*.
At ſuch a time, ſuperfluous ſeems the art,
To melt with fabled woes the ſadden'd heart;
The ſorrowing MUSES need themſelves relief,
And FANCY droops in ſympathetic grief.
The TRAGIC MAID, indeed, may ſooth her care,
And future ſcenes from paſſing ills prepare;
But for the LAUGHING NYMPH, alas! can ſhe
At eaſe preſume with her untimely glee!
Is there a place, amidſt the world's alarms,
In ſafety ſtill to heed her frolic charms?
Yes—in the ſhades of BRITAIN's happy Iſle,
Still may the COMIC MUSE ſecurely ſmile;
Still with her tuneful Siſters ſhelter here,
Nor ſavage ANARCHY's vain menace fear!
Here no DIRE RUFFIANS, dead to gen'rous joy,
All that endears and brightens life deſtroy;
Or, drench'd in blood, with impious rage combine,
Trampling o'er THRONES, to cruſh the HALLOW'D SHRINE!
No DESPOT here exacts a ſlaviſh awe,
The caſual impulſe of his paſſions LAW.
Here on a rock, ſecure amid the ſtorm,
Dwells LIBERTY, in fair monarchic form.
Around her FAME, with venerable grace,
THREE MATCHLESS COLUMNS, fortify the place.
Enthron'd within, pre-eminently great,
Sits awful JUSTICE, in majeſtic ſtate,
Of EQUAL LAWS the animating ſoul,
And ſtation'd HIGHEST, to ſurvey THE WHOLE;
Her SWORD by MERCY check'd, as urg'd by MIGHT,
Her CROWN the SANCTION of a PEOPLE'S RIGHT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Henry Check	——	Mr. Powell.
Captain Mullinahack	——	Mr. Johnstone.
William Bellevue	——	Mr. Middleton.
Charles	——	Mr. Holman.
Captain Vanſluiſen	——	Mr. Cubitt.
Willows	——	Mr. Hull.
Hedgeworth	——	Mr. Evatt.
Briers	——	Mr. M'Cready.
Allbut	——	Mr. Quick.
Maſter Jack	——	Mr. Fawcett.
Grigſby	——	Mr. Lewis.
Jollyboy	——	Mr. Munden.
Edward Bellevue	——	Miſs Symonds.
Louiſa	——	Mrs. Esten.
Mrs. Bellevue	——	Mrs. Fawcet.
Mrs. Allbut	——	Mrs. Mattocks.
Maria	——	Mrs. Mountain.
Margery	——	Mrs. Platt.

Scene, *a Village about fifteen Miles from* London.

THE

WORLD IN A VILLAGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A neat Parlour.* Margery *diſcovered adjuſting it and ſinging.*

Enter Jollyboy.

AH, dame! ſo that Miſs Louiſa's room is dizen'd out, all the reſt of the houſe may go at ſixes and ſevens!

Marg. Huſband! How cruſty you've got with our lodger Miſs Louiſa, only becauſe ſhe's a lady, and you think ſhe has a deal of money.

Joll. Why to be ſure her money did not do much miſchief when it bought tidy warm cloathing for half the poor of our village, and the ſetting up the little ſchool and paying you for teaching the children, as our raſcally rich folks here refuſed to eſtabliſh one; our gentry expect forſooth, 'cauſe I'm a miller, think I muſt cringe and ſneak; but I'll never bow to the golden calf! People to get money ſtick at no villany or meanneſs, and then they're as ſaucy—Dame, I've been round the cuſtomers to gather in rent for my landlord Maſter Allbut. Here. *(Takes out a bank-note.)*

Marg. Ten pounds! I ſuppoſe its having ſo much money that's made you ſo ſaucy this morning.

Joll. Ecod, wife, I believe ſo. As I come up ſtreet cou'dn't tell what was the matter with me; met honeſt Dick the cobler—came out with his "good morrow, Maſter Jollyboy." I felt a ſort of a—thought he might as well have ſaid nothing. Tom the farrier gave me a friendly ſmack o' th' ſhoulder; I had a mind to knock him down

for his joke: then, now, coming into my own houſe, forgot to ſtoop, and bump'd my forehead againſt the top o' the door-caſe. Oh, ho! then it's the caſh has done all this! I wiſh 'twas gone, for while I have it I feel I ſhall be as impudent as the devil.

Marg. Madam Louiſa, *(looking out.)*

Joll. Doctor Grigſby with her! Tho' he's now our apothecary, and ſets up alſo to be a wine-merchant, the lady wou'dn't be ſo proud of his company, did ſhe know he was once our barber.

Marg. Be quiet, huſband. Doctor Grigſby is a fine man!

Joll. What, becauſe when you were ſick his bottles came in packets, till I taſted, and found all the while the doctor had been ſupplying you with cherry-brandy.

Enter Louiſa.

Louiſa. Well, my kind good friend, *(looking about.)* Why how very handſome you've made my room look! how much I'm obliged to you.

Joll. Dr. Grigſby! I wou'dn't let him cure my cat of a tooth-ach. The fellow has made money out of people's folly, and now don't know how to behave himſelf.

Marg. I wiſh you'd learn how to behave yourſelf; ſtrutting about with your hat on, and a lady in the room.

Joll. I know nothing about ladies or gentlemen. That fellow was a good barber till money ſpoiled him—my hat! *(takes it off)*, my hat's here—and now it's there, *(puts it on.)* What ſignifies where a man's hat is? Hats and heads—ladies—gentlemen—good as another—hem! *(ſtruts off muttering.)*

Marg. Plague take you for a fool!—as good-natur'd a man as ever broke bread, but when he gets theſe fancies in his noddle.

Louiſa. Where there is real worth theſe little oddities of humour rather excite pleaſantry than reſentment.

Marg. Od, I'll give it him!

Louiſa. Never mind now, my kind Margery—I'm ſorry I muſt leave you.

Marg. Leave us! Well, if I didn't expect my ſilly huſband's behaviour wou'd bring it to this.

Louiſa. Huſh! your huſband has nothing to do in it:—I'm certain I can confide in you;—you know little of me;—I'm a ſtranger;—but I'll not trouble you with more of my affairs than juſt neceſſary. You doubtleſs concluded from the

the trifling ſums I expended on my firſt coming here into your village, that I muſt of courſe be ſome very rich body or other.

Marg. La, Ma'am, I didn't expect you for that!

Louiſa. I believe it. From certain family circumſtances, immaterial to any but myſelf, I have been obliged to—however, you know I came from Ireland—have been in France, and—I am unfortunately not on the beſt terms with my friends, till a make-up can be brought about to my wiſh. Not being over ſtrong in purſe, I plann'd a frugal retirement; the variety of calls upon the feelings of my heart have at length exhauſted my little finance; therefore—but mind, I'm not caſt down—no, I'm as happy——

Marg. Dear, I'm ſo ſorry——

Louiſa. Come, if you go to pity me I ſhall be very much affronted.

Marg. I affront you!

Louiſa. Lord! I never was more gay or cheerful in my whole life: but I'll tell you—You know, you and your huſband are very honeſt people, and get nothing but what you hardly earn; now, why ſhould I from my extravagance become a burden to you?

Marg. Extravagance! 'twas your charity—burden! your ſtay will be a bleſſing to us—pay us when you can, or never, (*weeping.*) Oh, my ſweet lady!

Louiſa. Come, perhaps I mayn't leave your village. But yet, better ſome ſtrange place—tho' who here knows me—(*aſide.*) Margery, I've conceiv'd a thought to ſtay among you without inconvenience to any one; I think I cou'd be uſeful to your Miſtreſs Allbut, here. From her character of a paſſion for literary amuſements, ſhe might, perhaps, afford me a ſituation to read, or tranſlate French; tranſcribe her poetry, for I am told ſhe has wrote a number of pretty things; or cou'd, upon occaſion, dreſs up a cap for her—eh, Margery, cou'd you recommend me? You know you told me ſhe ſometimes reads her poems to you.

Marg. Eh—Well, I'll call on her, my lady.

Louiſa. Come, none of your lady's to me—I muſt ſoon unlady myſelf. Upon my honour I ſhall be exceeding angry if you are not even merry. There now, that's a dear good woman, (*ſhakes hands cordially, and goes to a cheſt of drawers.*)

Re-enter Jollyboy.

Joll. Wife, if 'Squire Allbut's corn comes, tell 'em it muſt wait; for I've got firſt a buſhel to grind for old Budget the tinker.

Marg. Don't talk to me.

Joll. Eh!—What have you found a pot of gold under an old wall?

Marg. Ah, huſband! this dear young lady our lodger——

Joll. Ay, well.

Marg. Her diſtreſs!

Joll. Well, if ſhe's diſtreſs'd about any one's poverty, her hand knows the way to her pocket, a road it has ſo often gone upon like occaſions.

Marg. Ay, but I may as well put my hand into my pocket.

Joll. Deuce o' your riddles—What's the matter with with you and ſhe?

Marg. I tell you at laſt, ſhe herſelf is really diſtreſs'd, and won't ſtay becauſe ſhe can't pay us. [*Exit melancholy.*]

Joll. Diſtreſs'd! Oh, dear!—one that was ſo ready to relieve every body elſe, now to want it herſelf. (*Louiſa advances, Jollyboy takes off his hat with great reſpect,*) Madam, I'm ſure I'm vaſtly concerned that any paſt conduct of mine ſhou'd have given you the leaſt uneaſineſs. You've done us too much honour in coming under our roof; and if any improper freedoms of ours have given you offence, you have only to blame your own condeſcenſion. Madam, we are but ignorant people, and if we have fail'd in our reſpect, I humbly crave your pardon.

Louiſa. Then Margery has told him. This is an attempt at irony—Become the ſubject of ridicule! I thought I could endure poverty, but I was wrong--- (*aſide.*) Sir, it's not immediately in my power to diſcharge what I already owe you, but hope ſoon; for I can aſſure you it wou'd give me infinite pleaſure.

Joll. Wou'd it? then—tho' I go to jail for my own rent— (*aſide.*) True, I forgot—Ma'am, this was left for you juſt now; 'twas inclos'd in a paper—thought at firſt 'twas for myſelf, ſo broke it open---I beg pardon---tho' there was nothing written in't.

Louiſa. Ten pounds! Who left it?

Joll. I did aſk, but can't find who.

Louiſa. Then my circumſtances are known! Is there ſuch benevolence? However, how to appropriate this

doesn't want a conſideration. Pray let me know what I'm indebted to you.

Joll. Oh, Madam.

Louiſa. I requeſt—

Joll. Well, Madam, ſince here now have I given what I had to pay my own rent; 'twill grind my heart to apolgoiſe to Landlord Allbut—but I've ſet her heart at eaſe, and that's good amends.

Grig. (without.) No: I want my chay; ſo put that hamper of wine, and take the med'cines round in the little cart.

Joll. Madam, now you ſhould look above this Maſter Grigſby—you don't know him—a fellow taken from ſitting with numb'd fingers, wig-weaving, into a doctor's ſervice, to bruſh his coat and frizzle his pate, picking up hard words from the apothecary's boys, marrying the houſekeeper,—throwing her purloinings into a brandy vault and drug-ſhop (ſhe poiſoned herſelf in one of them,) and now, by jargon, ſmiles, lies, and cringes, has glided into the good graces of every family in the village—Oh, he's not dreſſed in his phyſical pomp! When he wants to ſhew his conſequence, pops himſelf into one of the famous fine velvet and gold ſuits left him by his old maſter the phyſician.

Marg. (*without.*) Indeed, Doctor———

Grig. (without.) But I will viſit my patient.

Joll. Ay, now for Dr. Grigſby's chatt'ring! 'Till he's gone, we may put our tongues in our pockets. Zounds, I wiſh I cou'd ſhut my ears in my tobacco-box.

Marg. (*without.*) I tell you, Doctor, Miſs Louiſa is not in the humour for jaunting.

Enter Grigſby *and* Margery *wrangling, and* Boy.

Grig. Teach me humours, defluxions, catarrhs, and cataplaſms!

Boy. But, Sir, hadn't you beſt come back to ſhop?

Grig. Shop! Get home, you dog, and mix up that ſtuff.

Boy. But, Sir, I forgot what I was to put in it.

Grig. A table ſpoonful of any four bottles behind the counter.

Boy. But, Sir, there's Humphrey the wheelwright ſtops for you to bleed him.

Grig. Sirrah! My compliments, and I'll wait on his Lordſhip. [*Exit Boy.*] Hem! Duke Humphrey!—But the ladies muſt always have the preference.

Louiſa.

Louiſa. Sir, *(curtſeying.)* Teazing man! I wiſh he'd go away, *(apart to Margery.)*

Marg. Doctor, the lady wiſhes you'd—

Louiſa. Huſh!

Grig. My dear Madam, never deceive your doctor---but that is impoſſible.

Louiſa. For me to think of attempting a deception!--- Upon my word, Doctor, you have the happieſt mode of compliment---

Grig. Yes, Ma'am, the compliment I put in that mixture was two grains, or, as we of the faculty write in our Latin proſcriptions, dux graniorum, ſix ſcruples, or caterſcrupolibus; and, Madam, I'll venture to affirm, that the whole material medicar does not furniſh a cure of more efficacious efficaſey, that is, when we talk of a caſe, razor-caſe---hem! I mean the ſoul-caſe; the body being the caſe of the ſoul, as a bottle is of a bottle of old port; the wine being the ſpirit; and ſo we doctors wax the cork to prevent evaporation or fomentation; juſt as if a gentleman, to ſhave his chin, would lather his occiput; that is, what we of the faculty call the whole healing art---ſcammony, wild poppy, the ſublimate of ſtyptic water, anthelmintic wine, hiera picra, and the nervous ſyſtem.

Louiſa. Sir, you've certainly a prodigious deal of ſkill; but nature prevents me from opportunities of putting it in practice.

Grig. True, Miſs, I have an immenſe deal of practice--- ſo much---the fatigue---knocked up at all hours!

Marg. Ah, Doctor, you're ſuch a fine midwife, 'twou'd comfort one's heart to be your cuſtomer; and ſo I told my huſband t'other night!

Grig. I'm capital in the obſtetric art and———

Louiſa. Sir, now pray excuſe me, I'm a little indiſpoſed, and company is---

Grig. If indiſpoſed, Madam, what's better company than your doctor? For in your caſe, as we of the faculty ſay, no aliment ſo mucilaginous as ſheep's head broth: ſome prefer buttermilk, and it is indeed as a lacteal lachrymoligon;---for, Madam, when the diſeaſe proceeds from a viſcid pituitous ſubſtance obſtructing the veſſels of the lungs, we of the faculty call it a ſpurious peripneumony; therefore ripe fruits roaſted, bak'd, or boil'd, ſuch as green-gooſe, young parſneps, extract of ſaturn,---then we throw in the bark, and that is, my dear Madam, the---the--- nervous ſyſtem.

Marg.

Marg. But, Doctor, Miſs Louiſa wants a little reſt.

Grig. Ha, ha, ha! that's very well---then I know nothing of what a lady wants. I ſee ſhe likes me by her wiſhes to turn me out. (*Aſide.*)——But, Madam, to promote an emulſive dormitory, or, as Celſus ſays, a nice bit of ſleep or reſt, nothing equal to a ſimple goſs lettice.

Louiſa. Thank ye, Doctor; but I don't need ſoporifics.

Grig. Soap! Dem this barber! how all my patients will be ſlapping ſuds in my teeth---but ſhe muſt be ſome great heireſs here incog. by her having diſperſed ſo much money through the village, (*aſide.*)

Louiſa. Sir, I wiſh you a good morning.

Grig. Reſt! the nurſe of diſeaſe! You ſee, as a doctor, I ſpeak againſt my own intereſt. Nothing but exerciſe and open air can brace and ſtrengthen the animal functions when the caninus rabies, or dog-madneſs, which we of the faculty call vertigo of the foot, comes---the---the---and that is, Madam, the nervous ſyſtem. Do me the honour of taking an airing in my chaiſe; you may truſt to my whip-hand,---ſteady as if touching a vein---I'll drive you---

Joll. No: but I'll drive you out of my houſe, if you ſtay to---Don't you ſee that you've already bother'd the lady with your damn'd nonſenſe?

Grig. I've what? Oh, this is pretty! What's that you ſaid I did to her?

Jolly. Poh! Go along.

Grig. Go along! Very well, that! Do you know, man, when you talk to a phyſician---Madam, my chaiſe is at the door---permit me the honour of whipping you round the circuitous circle in the grand tour of Eſher, Weſton Green, Moleſey, Hampton Court, Buſhy Park, and Ditton Marſh---the ſight of ſo fine a dreſs'd lady as you ſitting by my ſide---no other barber---hem! wine merchant---phyſician---

Louiſa. Doctor, your politneſs comes particularly acceptable, for I ſhould like a little excurſion, and I aſſure you my purſe now cannot afford the expence of poſt-chaiſes ---Well, Margery, you'll ſpeak---Come, Doctor, now for your whip-hand.

Grig. Afford! Expence! Any thing broke? (*apart to Margery.*)

Marg. Ah, we are all broke! our hearts are broke!

Grig. Eh! All her flaſh end in ſmoke! Oh, ho! (*aſide*).

Louiſa.

Louiſa. Come, Doctor, you ſhall ſet me down at Mr. Allbut's.

Grig. Eh! Mem! Your bill did you ſay? We never commit ſuch trifles to book---carry it in my head---"For beſt frontignac---hem! raiſin wine (*aſide,*) lavender water, low de lucy, and magneſiar holbar"---You are indebted to me the ſum of three pounds three ſhillings and three pence three farthings.

Louiſa. But, Sir, the jaunt.

Grig. It rains, Mem---no head to my chaiſe.---Margery, hav'n't you, as we of the faculty ſay---A miller ſhould always have a parviſol to keep off the rain, (*puts on his hat, whiſtles, and walks about cracking his whip.*)

Joll. (*ſtaring*). Eh!

Grig. (*cracking his whip.*) All good for the nervous ſyſtem! Mem, I'm making up ſome money, and if you can oblige me by diſcharging that trifle---

Louiſa. Then better remain in my landlord's debt than---This wretch---(*aſide*)---there, Sir, take your bill out of that ---(*gives the bank-note to Grigſby.*)

Grig. Yes, Mem: I'll bring you the change in a frizzling of a *toopee*; but I'll adviſe you, Madam, to exerciſe. Miller, put up a ſwing in your garden between two cherry-trees---ſwing, Mem---nothing but exerciſe and open air can brace and ſtrengthen the animal functions---ſwing! Reſt is the nurſe of diſeaſe---you ſee, as a doctor, I ſpeak againſt my own intereſt. In your caſe, Madam, nothing ſo mucilaginous as ſheep's head broth---then we throw in the bark, and---from ten pounds deduct three pounds three ſhillings and three pence three farthings, and that is what we call the---nervous ſyſtem--- [*Exit.*

Joll. Carried off my bank-note!---Holla, nervous ſyſtem! [*Runs off after him.*

Louiſa. Come now with me to Mrs. Allbut's.

Marg. Ah, I'm ſure you'll not like her. A deuced temper!

Louiſa. I underſtand that Mrs. Allbut is haughty and overbearing---that Mr. Allbut, puffed up with the pride of riches, is the great deſpot of the village---that all their wealth really belongs to a poor widow, Mrs. Bellevue, that lives in the cottage by the warren yonder; but if Mrs. Allbut is ſo proud, I muſt only temporize into humility: Doctor Grigsby's behaviour has convinced me that I ſhou'd uſe every exertion to keep myſelf above pecuniary obligations. A pity it is not ſo! but, when deſtitute of particular defence

and

and protection, the world ſhou'd be guardians to a lone and helpleſs woman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Chamber in* Allbut's *Houſe.*

Enter Willows *and* Maria.

Will. There, the inſtrument's open. *(Points to a piano forte.)*

Maria. But Mr. and Mrs. Allbut may return, and if ſhe finds me at it—

Will. My dear child, if you don't practiſe you'll loſe your muſic; and that will be a pity, Maria, conſidering the proficiency you made in it.

Maria. Ah, father! my attempt now to retain any elegant accompliſhment is but vanity. What might have been receiv'd with indulgence when we were in eaſy circumſtances, in our preſent humble ſituation at beſt will be overlooked, or, moſt likely, made the object of ridicule.

Will. Why, indeed, my Love, this reverſe of fortune comes with a double ſeverity, when it ſubjects us to the inſults of this purſe-proud, mean, and illiberal Mr. and Mrs. Allbut. Come, my dear,—there, if your lady ſhou'd hear you, I don't think ſhe can be offended.—Since I am Mr. Allbut's clerk, I muſt to my buſineſs in the coumpting-houſe. [*Exit.*

Maria. I have little heart: but, as my father thinks it an object, I will practiſe. [*Maria ſits and plays.*

Maria. Oh, Maſter Jack!

Maſt. J. Play on, Molly: I love it, fal, lal, *(ſings out of tune.)*

Maria. If your Mamma ſhou'd come in and hear me?

Maſt. J. Never mind: ſhe'll think it's I. *(Maria plays.)*

Maſt. J. (interrupting.) Molly, do you know, I wiſh Mamma wou'dn't be writing her poetries---ſhe troubles the houſe with them. Come, do play to oblige me.

Maria. Now, I recollect, I've no reaſon to oblige you, Maſter Jack; how cou'd you go to turn that poor woman and children from the door yeſterday, when I deſired her to wait while I ſtept in to bring her ſomething.

Maſt. J. Why! 'twas Mamma herſelf. She was reading in the front parlour that poem about humanity, and juſt as her heart and her eyes were melting with the tender pathos of ſorrow, (as ſhe calls it,) the poor hungry brats ſet up ſuch a piping—ſo diſcompoſed Mamma's fine nerves, already unſtrung by pity, that ſhe flew out like an angry turkey, and drove the mother and her infants all out of the court-yard. Do

play. *(Maria plays, Maſter Jack interrupting.)* Molly! ha! ha! ha! Don't you think Mamma very ſilly, to go and ſet Papa too at making poeſies, and now he begins to trouble the houſe.

Maria. True, and all his idea of poetry is making a jingle of rhyme, no matter for meaſure, time, place, or reaſon,—but if you will hear me play now, hold your tongue.

[*Plays.*

Enter Mrs. Allbut, *reading.*

Mrs. A. My ſervant maid at my inſtrument!

Maſt. J. What a pretty hornpipe!

Maria. You've an excellent ear!

Maſt. J. Yes: I've a fine ear for hearing.

Mrs. A. And feeling! *(pulls him, Maria ſtarts up.)*

Maſt. J. Now Mama, what's that for?

Mrs. A. Oh! enchanting powers of poetry, *(reading.)*

" Sigh to the ſilent ſtreams that ſoftly ſeek the ſeas,
" Mar the meek murm'ring melodies that mark the marine breeze.

You vile jade!

Maſt. J. Molly play on---Mamma, Poll plays better nor you,—ſhe tickles it ſo lightly with her little finger; but you thump it down with your fiſts as if you were breaking biſcuits—then ſhe ſits ſo quiet—ſit Molly—and here, Mamma, you go wagging your head about like an artichoke, *(ſits down and mimicks extravagantly.)*

Mrs. A. (curtſeys to Maria.) Oh, do pray, Miſs; oblige us with a canzonet, *(ironical.)*

Maſt. J. Molly made this ſong herſelf; I know ſhe did.

Mrs. A. Writes poetry! Here's a ſaucy ſlut! *(aſide)*---What my Arioſto! Heavens! if ſhe hasn't been pulling my books out of my ſtudy---Perhaps we've a Sappho in the houſe and don't know it!---I dare ſay you have the aſſurance to be full of tender ſentiment and ſenſibility.

Maria. No, Ma'am;---you can't think I've any feeling.

Mrs. A. Upon my honor ſhe fancies herſelf a young lady!

Maſt. J. Well, Mamma, all the village calls her Miſs Maria.

Mrs. A. Miſs! ha, ha, ha!---Oh! I ſhall faint---the Maria!---Hadn't you better at once call yourſelf Laura Maria? there's my ſon that will have a tolerable fortune, he's call'd by every body plain Jack.

Maſt. J. By'r leave, Mamma,—even Dr. Grigſby calls me Maſter Jack.

Maria.

Maria. Ma'am, it's a matter of indifference to me, what I am called,

Mrs. A. Very true! "That we call a roſe, by any other name wou'd ſmell as ſweet."

Maſt. J. Aye: Mamma.—Molly's cheek colours like a roſe—but you bluſh like a red cabbage.

Mrs. A. Then, Miſs, cou'd your humility---ſweet roſe---fragrant flower, condeſcend to duſt out my dreſſing-room?

Maſt. J. Now, Mamma, will you ha' done? you've made Papa too as bad as yourſelf, and now there's no ſpeaking a word before him but he comes out with a rhyme to't.

All. (without.) I'm juſt in time to't. [*Enters.*

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, is this a time for your folly?

All. I'll leave it to Polly.

Mrs. A. Oh, very well, Sir; but I aſſure you you ſha'n't go to London again in haſte without me---A pack of your wits and geniuſſes cou'dn't take you to one of their clubs.

All. The Namby-pampy club.

Mrs. A. And only one night---but you bring home ſuch a parcel of ſtuff, and wherret every body with your rhymes and your rubbiſh!

All. Yes! but when my head is ſtuck up in poet's corner, there will be rubbiſh!

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, you're a brewer; mind your malt and your hops.

All. Oh! you unreaſonable woman! when it was you that ſet me on, and made me even lay out ſix ſhillings at the ſtall at the corner of Chancery-lane, for Buſhe's Art of Poetry, and only to get myſelf ready at verſifications.

Mrs. A. Yes! but, Mr. Allbut, having travell'd all over Italy in the firſt circles of faſhion, I had hopes you might turn out a poet of nature---to run extempore with a ſtring of beautiful verſes on every occaſion, as it may offer, like the charming Italian Improviſatore.

All. Well, I'm the great Engliſh Improviſitory.

Mrs. A. I have heard the harmonious Metaſtaſio, the Paſtor Fido, the Goldoni---

All. On his poney.

Mrs. A. I proteſt to heaven, if you don't---A pretty thing! I can't go to take an airing in my chariot to inhale the balmy odours of the roſeate ſpring, but my maid comes with her ſteps ſtately into my drawing-room, and with her delicate paws, rattles my inſtrument out of tune. This

accounts for your negligence---letting me go to the play only t'other night without a pocket-handkerchief, and when all the boxes were in tears for the ſorrows of Yarico, I was obliged to wipe my ſympathizing, moiſtened cheek in——

All. Cheek! Ay! that was ſo roſy-colour'd that night---huſſey, your lady was fain to twitch the tears from off it with her white kid-gloves, ſo that the finger and thumb look'd as if ſhe had been taking brazil ſnuff—that cou'dn't ſave ſome drops falling on your neck-handkerchief; what with that and your grievous face, my love, the titter went round. One lord with a blue ribbon whiſpered, "by the heavens! that lady ſitting next to the pretty well-behaved little gentleman, is Maudlin Muzzy. (*Jack laughs.*)

Mrs. A. (*enraged*) Retire! (*Maria curtſeys and exit.*)

Maſt. J. Mamma, Molly makes a better curtſey than you—you do it with a bob and a duck and ſhake yourſelf about ſo. (*mimicks.*)

Mrs. A. 'Pon my word, Maſter Jack, this is moſt unpretty behaviour, Molly! Hey! (*calls.*)

All. Rare times when the hen crows, and the little cock is not head of the flock! Willows! eh, eh!

Maſt. J. I'm the white legg'd chicken—Molly!---Willows! eh, eh!

Enter Maria *and* Willows.

Mrs. A. Did you rub the chairs in my chamber, (*to Maria.*)

Will. My poor child! (*aſide*)

All. Rub chairs! my dear, that's bus'neſs for the houſemaid---you ſhould recollect that Polly was well bought up ---Did you carry that corn to the mill? (*to Willows.*)

Maria. My dear father! (*aſide.*)

Mrs. A. Carry corn! nay, Mr. Allbut, are there not men enough about the houſe?---Should not forget that Mr. Willows has ſeen better days---tho' now he totally depends upon our humanity.

Will. Why, Sir, as Madam obſerves, one of the men in the brewery might as well do this---I have ſufficient uſe for my time over your books.

Maria. Beſides, Sir, conſider my father's years---indeed he hasn't ſtrength! [*Exit Willows.*

Maſt. J. Molly, "rattle up the Piano"---'twill make us all merry.

Mrs. A. No, Miſs; you ſha'n't ſhow off your graces to entrap the affections of my child.

Maria.

Maria. I can bear all this: but to witneſs the injurious treatment my father receives, wounds me to the ſoul. [*Exit.*

Maſt. J. Ecod! I'll go after, and kiſs Molly's tears away. (*aſide, and going.*)

Mrs. A. Now, where are you going, Maſter Jack?

Maſt. J. Going to read a fine ſoft ſympathy book---Mamma---he! he! he! Yes, I'll kiſs Molly. (*aſide, and exit.*)

Mrs. A. Isn't that——Mrs. Bellevue under my roof! (*looking out.*)

All. Gad! 'tis widow Bellevue---but, love, our roof would ſtill be her's, but for my prudent dexterity in tricking her out of it. While her huſband, my old maſter, lived, he was ſharp over me: but, no ſooner the hatchment clapt upon the wall, than all her ancient noble blood fluſhed in her face at the ſight of the blue dragons, and the three white azure rampant fiſhing-hooks.

Mrs. A. That ſlut Maria! tho' we pay handſomely for poor's rates to bring the paupers out of the roads and hovels.

All. Ay! Mrs. Bellevue's a poor pauper in the hovel now, yet ſhe was once too grand to have her great name poſted in ledgers--no, ſhe muſt have the buſineſs carried on under my firm, ſo rather than hurt her dignity, my little bit of an inſignificant name ſneak'd into the leaſe, glided into the conſols, ſtole into the Eaſt India ſtock, and my little bit of a ſelf popp'd into her houſe and land---like the New Church in the Strand.

Mrs. A. Yes, it's certainly Maria encourages her to come here; I dare ſay I'm cut up finely. (*liſtens.*) Gone into the parlour! impudence! (*going.*)

All. Now for a neat rhyme! (*aſide, and holding her.*) Gone into the parlour, impudence---juſt like a---a---(*Seems puzzled for a rhyme, and not hitting on it, holds down his head, puts his hands in his coat-pockets and runs into the houſe---Mrs. Allbut follows in a rage.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Allbut's *Houſe*.

Enter Maria *and* Mrs. Bellevue, *with a Book*.

Maria.

INDEED I'm glad to ſee you.

Mrs. Bell. Once *I* cou'd be happy to bid you welcome here.

Maria. Aye! Mrs. Bellevue, this houſe when your's, was the ſeat of politeneſs and hoſpitality---hasn't Sir Henry ſince ſent to you?

Mrs. Bell. No, my Love, he's no more a brother. His late acquiſition of a baronet's title, which he never expected, has rais'd him ſo much above me, that I'm now out of ſight,---every ſpark of fraternal affection; even compaſſion for my ſufferings has been long extinguiſhed!

Maria. Oh, Madam, I'm out of all patience with him---his family pride, ſo provokingly unreaſonable---to take ſuch a vaſt alarm at your marrying a tradeſman, when he himſelf, tho' a baronet, is ſtill in buſineſs---your huſband was a brewer ---your proud brother is a banker---and where the end is money, I can't ſee any great difference in the means us'd to acquire it.

Mrs. Bell. Candour ſhou'd in ſome meaſure incline me to excuſe my brother, when I reflect that my preſent deſtitute ſituation is partly the conſequence of that very family pride; which in his conduct to me wears the appearance of cruelty---of inhumanity!

Maria. Aye, Madam, on the ſudden death of your worthy huſband, what a pity that you cou'dn't ſuppreſs your own ideas of rank and birth, by being above all concern for the buſ'neſs, in truſting it into the hands of this deſigning fool---this knaviſh Mr. Allbut!

Mrs. Bell. A villain!---He abus'd my confidence---I plac'd him in a truſt---and then inſtead of clearing; to puzzle and perplex---

Maria. His purpoſe was to get all into his own power!

Mrs. Bell. He has done it---poſſeſs'd himſelf of my fortune, here---even of my houſe---and drove me to---

Maria.

Maria. The vulgar Mrs. Allbut---indeed the great lady of the village---rattling by your cottage-door in her chariot---(*Mrs. Bellevue weeps.*) But I'm wrong to revive in your mind---

Mrs. Bell. My kind Maria---in the bud of years; yet bloom of diſcretion !---had I then ſuch an early friend! but thoſe whom misfortune has doom'd to participate in friendſhip, only by receiving, may ſeem intereſted for a grateful mention of its ſacred bleſſings. I am poor---you have been good to me—if I thank you, you will do juſtice to my intention—

Maria. Don't grieve, Madam.

Mrs. Bell. I didn't know the worth of your mind when my ſon ſet the juſt value upon your perſon and accompliſhments—He could diſcern genuine merit, I was dazzled with the blaze of tranſitory riches; and when I ſhould have bleſs'd him with a real treaſure, I wrong'd both him and you!—Forbid your union; and to prevent it for ever, ſent my child over ſeas far—far from me! Perhaps now a wand'ring fugitive. Oh! I have been wicked, cruel, unnatural! I'm puniſh'd, but not enough !---I ſhould be reſign'd---I am.

Maria. Dear Madam, all will be better---No news yet of your William?

Mrs. Bell. No, my dear; and ſince the unhappy change of affairs, I ſcarce wiſh for my ſon---I have now no home to receive him---no ſmile of welcome---my bleſſing and my tears are all I've left to give him.

Maria. As my brother Charles was led to go abroad merely with the hopes of finding your William, they may have met; the two boys were here exemplary in their friendſhip---they may, they will afford mutual aſſiſtance ſhould either want it.

Mrs. Bell. There too, from my unworthy conduct, you and your father are now deprived of comfort and protection from a brother and a ſon. Was Charles here, the Allbuts dare not treat you as they do. But I know nothing of William ſince his quitting the captain that I ſent him with, and proceeding by himſelf to the Eaſt-Indies. My Boy has a relation there in power---but no accounts from him.

Maria. My father and I remain in the ſame uncertainty ---You'll ſtay and take ſome refreſhment.

Mrs. Bell. Excuſe me, my dear---I'll not be the cauſe of drawing Mrs. Allbut's diſpleaſure upon you.

Maria.

Maria. She never wants a cauſe for that. Step into my room---I've had a trifling preſent from ſome friends in town---I muſt beg your acceptance of a part of it.

Mrs. Bell. You've too much concern for me---I gave you evil, and you return every good.

Maria. My dear Ma'am, be cheerful. (*Takes her by the hand and exeunt.*)

SCENE II. *A Green.* *Enter* Charles *in a Sailor's Dreſs.*

Charles. How every well-known object delights.---Captain Vanſluiſen!

Enter Capt. Vanſluiſen.

I find you receiv'd my letter.

Capt. Van. Yaw, Mynheer; and I'm com'd at de very day it bid me meet you here. My ſhip have brought you riches from Batavia, ſafe to Amſterdam, and now ſafe to London.

Cha. Pleaſure, indeed! My riches I acquired by labour, difficulty, and danger---had a hard ſtruggle for my life too, ſince, Captain---you know impatience to re-viſit England, would not ſuffer me to wait for your ſailing.

Capt. Van. I did hear de littal ſhip you embark in was caſt away.

Cha. Wreck'd here on the coaſt---dead of night---had juſt time to throw on any jacket that came to hand---I got on ſhore with only life---no caſh---knew nobody---diſpatch'd that letter to you, took a ſhort ſtick in my hand, puſh'd off on foot, and with a hale conſtitution and jovial heart, here am I returned to my dear native village, worth two hundred thouſand pounds, which ten years ago I quitted, not maſter of---

Capt. Van. I did loſt all your riches at ſea, but I did found dem again---Ve vere taken by a Frenchman---

Cha. By a Frenchman! zounds!

Capt. Van. Dey did board——clapp'd us all under hatches---but van of my crew, a brave young Engliſhman, in de mid vatch, crept out of a port up de ſides of the ſhip, ſnatch up a hanger, overpower de French ſentry, releas'd us, and ve did retook our veſſel.

Cha. What, one man---Huzza! Well done little England! (*takes off his hat and waves it.*)

Capt. Van. De capitan of de enemy was an Iriſhman---fought like de dyvil---in deſpair to ſee his prize gone, darted on de Engliſh boy---claſp'd him in his arm, and jump'd overboard down in de vater---a heavy ſea---cou'dn't ſlack ſail---ſaw dem no more!

Cha. My fortune preſerved by the loſs of a brave fellow leſſens the enjoyment!---My heart throbs once more to behold---Now for my father's; but firſt a rub thwart my chin, and, (*looking out,*) is n't this Grigſby the barber, dreſs'd very odd for a friſeur! A worthy fellow he is---there I can get---How glad am I to come home. Ah, no place like old England, not a houſe that won't fling open its doors to me; not a table without a plate, or a parlour without a nail for my hat! Bells rung! bonfires, I warrant! eh,

(*They retire.*

Enter Grigſby *and ſome Villagers.*

Grig. Don't interrupt---I am conſidering a caſe---I love good eating. (*Aſide.*)

1ſt Vill. Now the Doctor's head is ſplitting with judgement.

Grig. I muſt ingratiate myſelf with Mrs. Allbut---without her countenance I may ſhut up ſhop, and cork up my wine vaults. I take fifty pounds a year of her money for only chatting at her tea-table on Italians, Della-Cruſcas, and the nervous ſyſtem.

2d Vill. But, Doctor, my brother Tummas be main bad.

Grig. Oh! what you've a bad brother.

2d Vill. Sick.

Grig. You're all impertinent. A fine thing if I'm to have ſtudied the material medicar, Southampton-port, alder-ſloe juice, and marrow-pomatum of Pharmacopolia, Britiſh coniac, turnip-cyder of Tooley-ſtreet, malaga ſurgery, tawny bottle-cruſts, eſſence of *Burganny*, curling-iron and apothecaryſhip, to throw away my time and ſkill upon all the ragged muffins o' th' place; but this is the curſe of a man's getting into reputation.

2d Vill. Ay, Doctor, 'cauſe you roots out a diſeaſe.

Grig. So I do. I'm for none of your worthleſs radical cures.

Cha. What, has Grigſby the barber turn'd doctor apothecary?

1ſt Vill. Our couſin Ralph be got ſick again, Doctor.

Grig. Oh, his malady was---I perfectly remember his caſe; he was ill of a---a---Camera Obſcura. How did you treat him?

1ſt Vill. Bleſs you! I can't afford to treat people. When I be's in company, every man pays his own ſhot.

3d Vill. Doctor, my ſon George that liſted for a ſoger---I got un off, but he's now at huome ſick on my hands.

Grig. As we of the faculty ſay, much depends on diet. What's his regimen?

3d Vill. The old Buffs.

Grig. The devil! I mean what does he eat!

3d. Vill. He's fond of eggs for breakfaſt, and---

Grig. Stop. What does he do with the ſhells?

3d. Vill. The ſhells---let's ſee, (*pauſing*) ecod, I think he throws 'em behind the fire.

Grig. There 'tis! How the devil can a man expect health that throws his egg-ſhells behind the fire? Here, (*writes with his pencil on a bit of paper*) he's a little deafiſh.

3d Vill. Yes, with all the drumming—

Grig. Then we muſt twiddle up his optic nerve; (*writes*) ſcrupolorum Glaubers, vermifuge, ſquills, ay—As he's your ſon you muſt give him ſal. prunell, ſal. polychreſt, and ſal. almonic.

3d Vill. Yes: but the damn'd dog will be always running after Sal. Johnſon.

Grig. My boy will mix that up for you, (*giving the paper.*) You'll pay him half a crown. Confuſe it in a baſon of water—in *that* let him throw his egg-ſhells, and after ſhaking the bottle, fling bowl and all out at—mind—the *ſtreet-window*—that may get me another patient, (*aſide,*) firſt conſulting the thermometer. Begone! I'll give no more advice this morning.

1ſt Vill. Ay, Doctor, times are turn'd—You don't mind poor folks now you've got a broken-knee'd mare, and a new old whiſkey. [*Exit.*

Grig. Broken-knee'd mare—old whiſkey—ah, no chance of being look'd on till I ſtep into my chariot.

Cha. Is this our village?

Enter a Servant in a Livery.

Serv. Sir, my maſter—

Grig. (*ſmiling and cringing.*) What, is your maſter taken ill? Dear gentleman! I'll run to him. (*Aſide.*) He pays

pays me thirty pounds a year, and won't venture out in a morning till I come and tell him which way the wind lies. (*Going haſtily.*)

Serv. No, Sir; but he deſires you'll ſend him in a dozen of your beſt old port.

Grig. Ha!---What my black ſtrap?

Cha. A wine-merchant too!

Grig. Very well. (*Exit ſervant.*) When he drinks my port he'll ſoon want ſomething out of my ſhop. My red ſeal bottles, always bring one with a long cravat round his neck.

Cha. Now, Captain, you'll ſee how glad he'll be to find I'm return'd. My father was a good friend to him; and now for a ſpecimen of gratitude and early faithful attachment. Ah, honeſt Grigſby---your hand, my old lad.

Grig. Rather free. (*drawing back.*)

Cha. Stop!

Grig. Stop!---any buſineſs with me, maſter? (*looks ſtrange*).

Cha. Ha, ha, ha!---Don't you remember Charley Willows?

Grig. What, is it you? Come home in rags---this is the fuſs made about him by his family! I ſaid how 'twou'd be, (*aſide---ſurveying Charles with contempt,*) hem--- (*going.*) Whoſe chariot? (*looking out.*) Oh! Madam, your moſt profound humble ſervant, (*bows off obſequiouſly.*) Smart gig that! How d'ye do, Sir? (*bows off more familiar.*) A good ſtout gelding!---hows goes it Mr. ——— (*nodds off ſlightly.*)

Cha. Well, Grigſby! Youv'e done this dev'liſh well. I was going to your ſhop for a rub and a ſcrub---you always had a little ſoap and water!

Grig. Scrubs come to my houſe for ſoap and water.

Cha. How! (*with ſurpriſe and indignation.*)

Grig. (*Aſide, not regarding him.*) This fellow's ſiſter Maria tho', is pretty---but then, that Miſs Louiſa---a report that ſhe's daughter, or ſomewhat to a lord---wasn't it?---an odd myſtery that---hiding at Jollyboy's---poor tho', and tisn't what *were* you, but what *are* you.

Cha. Hark'ee, Grigſby!—(*angry.*)

Grig. (*ſmiling placid and contemptuous, takes ſnuff.*) Madam Allbut is my firſt object and attention---eh, is n't that Squire Hedgworth and young Briers going out ſhooting? A preſent of ſome game for Mrs. Allbut might---one ſhou'd never make preſents but to them that can afford to buy---How faſhionable they're equip'd for the ſport! I muſt kick

up a rummage in my old maſter's wardrobe---ſee if it can't afford me a ſmart ſhooting-jacket; every gentleman in the country ſhould ſhoot---hey, my glove, (*ſearches.*) A phyſician to feel pulſes ſhou'd have his hand warm, ſoft, and white---my hand (*diſplays it*) 'till I can ſport the chariot, ſhou'd get a muff---a ring---my ſweet old patient found dead with with a brace of guineas clench'd in his fiſt---ready fee for the doctor---the punctual honeſt ſoul!---the old nurſe and I dividing I ſhou'dn't have given her half---the two wou'd have compaſs'd a ſmart ring, ha!---hum! [*Exit pompous.*

Capt. Van. He's gone to ſet de "plate of pudden for you, and knock up de peg for your hat."

Cha. This a ſample of my welcome!

Capt. Van. I tink I hear "de bells ringing"---I long for "de bonfire."

Cha. Damn the village! I wiſh 'twas on fire---but hold, there may be only one Grigſby in it. Yes, 'twas certainly my forlorn appearance! the raſcal thinks I'm come home poor.

Capt. Van. If you had, mynheer Villows, *you ſee your welcome!*

Cha. Aye: but unjuſt to draw a concluſion from the behaviour of this low-born murdering mountebank. (*A ſhot heard at ſome diſtance.*)

Bri. (*without.*) You've certainly wing'd her.

Cha. (*looking out.*) Oh, now you'll ſee a different affair. Here are a couple of *gentlemen*, my former ſchool-fellows, who, except Willy Bellevue, whom to follow abroad I firſt left my home, were my moſt particular and intimate companions.---Yes, 'tis—

Enter Briers *and* Hedgeworth, (*with fowling pieces.*)

Hedg. I think it fell in the marſh.

Bri. No getting it without wetting one's ſelf, and I've no great wiſh for Dr. Grigſby's ſtuff—hey, Nero! (*whiſtles*) if I don't ſhoot that dog! badly made, good for nothing, (*perceiving Charles.*) Oh, here, you ſir, leap the hedge and bring me the bird---it fell yonder---damn the fellow, how he ſtares! Oh, he muſt be paid beforehand---there---(*flings halfpence on the ground*) Now, hey over!

Char. (*with joy and cordiality.*) My dear Bob Hedgeworth, how d'ye do?---Nick Briers! here I am come home to you again (*they look at each other, then at Charles with ſtrangeneſs.*)

Capt. Van. De gentlemen ſeems to have forgotten you.

Cha. Aye, I am ſunburn'd and weatherbeaten---but, my boys, don't you remember Charley Willows?

Hedg.

Hedg. (*to Briers---charging his gun.*) Do you recollect?—I ſhall be out of powder.

Bri. Oh, yes, very well---It's the---the---poh! Willows ---aye, brother to the pretty girl there below, at---Allbut, the brewer's.---My lad, if you don't take care you will be preſs'd.

Hedg. Nick. you ſhou'd give the poor devil ſomething. I remember his ſiſter was always your partner at the aſſembly at Guildford.

Bri. Nonſenſe!

Cha. Well, but lads---what news?---I hav'n't even ſeen my father yet.

Bri. Free and eaſy---any thing of a former acquaintance got down out of one's line---a curſed boar---no ſhaking off.

Enter Grigſby *in a ſhooting dreſs* (*accoutred.*)

Grig. Gentlemen, your moſt obedient---

Bri. (*hollowing out.*) Oh, dem'me, here's the doctor too.

Grig. (*charging.*) I've forgot wadding---oh! my head! 'pon my ſoul, gentlemen, I was going to charge with a bank note---oh! doctor Boerhaave's proſcription—cou'dn't read it—but no matter—the mixture is gone home and the patient will ſoon follow it, (*aſide.*)

Enter Margery *and* Louiſa, *behind.*

Marg. Ma'am, this is the ſhorteſt way to our mill.

Louiſa. Aye! my good Margery, your character of Mrs. Allbut has ſo frighten'd me, that I believe I muſt ſojourn with you a little longer; how ſhall we get by theſe gentlemen? I wiſh they wou'dn't ſhoot till we are paſt.

Grig. (*apart to Louiſa*) Oh, Ma'am, want your change---hav'n't ſo much in the till---ſend you in a choice cheſt of florence. (*To Briers and Hedgeworth, ſmiling,*) Gentlemen, will you permit me to make one in your very ſalubrious amuſement?---I promis'd ſome game to a lady---I'm an excellent ſhot—mark, (*preſents.*)

Marg. Stop, Ma'am! Duce o' that doctor!

Bri. Zounds, doctor—that's a cow!—

Grig. That a cow! I know it, my dear Sir; but don't you ſee the little bird perched on the top of her horn?—my game has hopp'd the twig—it's wiſe—for, gentlemen, reſt is the nurſe of diſeaſe, "You ſee as a doctor, I ſpeak againſt my own intereſt; nothing but exercise and open air can brace and ſtrengthen the animal functions,

functions, and when the caninus rabies, which we of the faculty, call vertigo in the foot, comes; reſt brings a polyphus in the lungs, ſymptomatic of the epigaſtic region; and then nothing better than ſudorific antimony, parſimony, and ready money, diſmembering the whole animal œconomy with the ſyrrup of wild pop"—(*Briers fires cloſe at his ears---he runs off.*)

Louiſa. Ah! (*ſhrieking.*)

Cha. Frighten a lady! (*ſnatches the piece from Briers, and throws it over the hedge*) "Hey over!"

Briers. Dem me, what do you mean by that?

Cha. Oh, I'll tell you. (*Briers taking Hedgeworth under the arm, they both ſing and walk off.*)

Louiſa. Thoſe are our young men of faſhion, devoid of breeding or humanity!---and this ſpirited young man—You're a gallant fellow! Thoſe brutal wretches! Oh, what miſtakes Fortune does make in the diſtribution of her gifts! (*aſide*) [*Exeunt Louiſa and Margery.*

Cha. A lovely creature! But why did I not ſpeak to her? Thoſe puppies raſcally conduct has ſtupefied me!—Charming girl!---The ſcoundrels! (*pauſes and looks confuſed.*)

Capt. Van. And theſe ſcoundrels were your intimate companions? Why, Mynheer Villows, you did keep good company!

Cha. This my reception—the joys I promiſed myſelf! They certainly imagine I'm come home pennyleſs---'tis plain, if I had, how 'twou'd be.

Capt. Van. Ah, Mynheer Villows, dis is your *home!*---Ah, ha! a man may love his own country vidout crowing over dat of another,

Cha. Why true, Captain. It is not this or that ſpot that ſtamps the character; Nature will not change for climate, cuſtoms, or complexion: the villain, black or white, is of one nation, and the benevolent are fellow countrymen, though born at the extremities of the globe---Yes, Briers and Hedgeworth's ſcorn, all to my ſeeming poverty!

Capt. Van. Suppoſe den you ſeem to be poor, only to prove which of your friends deſerve to be better'd by your riches.

Cha. Thank ye, I will. A moſt excellent thought!---my dreſs too ſo lucky---Oh, but Captain, my property is conſigned to the banking-houſe, Sir Henry Check.

Capt. Van. Yaw.

Cha.

Cha. Then, maſter of a princely fortune, I'll ſally through the village in my old trowſers---Is that a good ſhipwreck'd, rueful phiz? (*looks dejected.*) Come, Captain.

[*Exit ſinging, Captain follows.*)

SCENE III. *Before an elegant Villa.*

Enter Grigſby.

Grig. Can't kill a bird. Juſt as I cover mark, and touch trigger, damn it, I always ſhut the wrong eye---How to pay court to Mrs. Allbut——

Enter a Man in a Soldier's Coat, with a Muſquet and Wallet.

Man. What a ſap was I to come this way, juſt under Mr. Allbut's noſe, and he's a juſtice of peace! (*Sees Grigſby, endeavours to hide the wallet, and ſneak by.*)

Grig. That fellow's been poaching: ſince I cannot bring down game with lead, I'll try ſilver. Ho, you infernal damn'd dog! I know you're a poacher, deſtroying the nobleman's game, you vile thief! Give up what you've got!

Man. Zounds, I ſhall go to quod for my marauding!---Maſter, don't hurt a poor man with a family.

Grig. This is a lucky ſtroke---our great Madam Allbut will eſteem this ſuch a prodigious compliment—beſides the credit of ſhooting ſo capital—Well, ſay nothing of this bus'neſs---there, I buy your game, (*gives him money, and takes the wallet.*) [*Exit Man.*] Here's Allbut, and I hav'n't time to put the birds into my net.

Enter Allbut *from the Houſe.*

All. So, Doctor, in viſiting your patients, you ſhoot by the way?---'gad, that's killing two birds with one ſtone.

Grig. (*ſmiling.*) Yes, Sir, I've had tolerable ſport—I've ſhav'd a good many birds.

All. You've been ſhaving the birds?

Grig. Hem---I mean killing---powder-puff and waſh-ball---that is, powder and ball—ſhot---I've brought here the produce of my ſucceſs humbly to preſent to Mrs. Allbut.

All. Ha! You're right to make preſents; ſhe's in a high paſſion---but this politeneſs of your's will ſoften her.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Allbut *from the Houſe.*

Mrs. A. Lock'd themſelves up! This audacious Mrs. Bellevue to dare to come into a houſe of mine!

All. My love, here's our worthy friend Doctor Grigſby has been ſhooting this morning early, and he begs you'll accept of a few birds.

Mrs. A. Shooting is a cruel ſport! the pretty innocent feather'd tenants of the air---the tuneful minſtrels that wake the roſy morn with carols ſweet---it ſhocks me!---my feelings are perhaps too exquiſite.

All. Feeling! Yes, my love, and your taſte is not bad---over a roaſt pheaſant! We ſhall have a nice ſupper. Doctor, you'll come and eat a morſel of your own good cheer?

Mrs. A. Do pray, Doctor. (*curtſies.*)

Grig. Madam, I ſhall do myſelf that honour.

All. A few partridges here, eh, Doctor?---and ſome woodcocks? (*taking up the wallet.*) Oh, you fear'd they'd break your net.

Grig. I truſt, Ma'am, theſe dainties will ſuit the delicacy of your ladyſhip's palate. (*Bows.*)

All. (*opens the wallet.*) What the devil, a gooſe!

Grig. Ha! (*ſurpriſed and confuſed.*) Ay, a wild gooſe!

All. "Here's the pretty innocent feather'd tenant of the air"---By the Lord, here's a wild pig!---"Here's the little bird that wakes the roſy morn with carols ſweet!"

Grig. (*confuſed.*) By the heavens, this muſt have been done by the magic lantern!

All. Thank ye, Doctor—but rather too light food for ſupper. However, as you're our apothecary, it's very well intended.

Mrs. A. Sir, be aſſur'd you ſhall not affront your betters.

Grig. Affront! Let me tell you, Madam, we of the faculty think that my preſent is wholeſome and good eating—ſo ſays Doctors Boerhaave, Crook Shanks, Cheney, and Sir John Pringle.

All. Yes,---but, Doctor, damn me if here isn't a wild old woman's petticoat---Why, inſtead of giving, you're come here to make game! (*Grigſby ſteals off.*) Holla, Doctor, does Johnny Pringle recommend this for good eating?

Mrs. A. An audacious villain! Peter! (*calling.*)

Enter Peter.

But I muſt compoſe my mind with divine poeſy: (*takes up paper, and reads,*) "Seraphic ſouls ſublime, celeſtial food, ſoft

ſoft circumambient air"---I deſire, Mr. Allbut, you'll have him turn'd out of the pariſh, next Veſtry—Tell the cook that's for dinner to-morrow. (*Pointing.*)

[*Peter takes up the wallet, and exit.*

All. No, my love, we've company to-morrow—piggy looks ſo nice, we'll keep it till we're by ourſelves.

Mrs. A. Something elſe to think on than Doctor Grigſby's vagaries—and you to join—

All. Love, inſtead of ſnubbing, you ſhou'd take care of me—give me nice cordials, to make me live long; for, once you're a widow, as I did with Mrs. Bellevue, ſome ſmart rogue will come and jockey *you* out of all. Aye, now I'm briſk—but when I'm flat—dead—you'll be for marrying ſome flaſhy young gentleman.

Mrs. A. I deſire, Mr. Allbut, you'll not flatter me with ſuch hopes.

All. Of two ſuch popes.

Mrs. A. Huſh! They've broke up their conſultation.

[*They retire.*

Enter Maria *and* Mrs. Bellevue *from the Houſe.* Mr. *and* Mrs. Allbut *ſteal in, and ſhut the door.*

Mrs. B. Bleſs you, my dear Miſs; my kind, good angel!

Maria. Farewell, Madam.

Mrs. B. What muſt have become of me but for you?

Maria. Nay, now, indeed———

Mrs. B. If heav'n has a ſtore for the benevolent, your comforts will be many. You nor your's were never obliged to me---you owe nothing, but give all. Your conduct, contraſted with the ungrateful poſſeſſors of this houſe---for they have ſhared my bounty---they roſe high upon my ruins, tho' now they will not know me. When we'd win the heart by increaſe of favours, each added obligation but renders the claim of benevolence more inſupportable; and, though a kind wiſh is the only return expected, pride often quits the debt by an ungenerous endeavour to diſown it.

Maria. Dear Madam, be cheerful---the Allbuts are unworthy of your reſentment: their repeated cruelties to my father and me cancel what they compliment by the name of charity---we muſt bear. If my father receives any news from abroad, you ſhall hear---and you'll do the ſame by us.

Mrs. B. Aye; was my William returned---the letters you have received from Charles, tho' long back, never once mention him.

Maria. Be aſſur'd, Madam, William is ſtill here, (*point to her breaſt*;) but why ſhould I flatter myſelf he has yet a heart for me!

Mrs. B. If he lives, dear Maria, could his gen'rous, his faithful heart make a reparation for paſt injuries! Perhaps in my boy's honeſt affection you may forget the unkindneſs of his mother—Oh, that I could atone!—in that ſweet hope, his return will give me the firſt delight—Well, well—

Maria. Come, all will be well. If I can ſlip out, I'll bring you ſome newſpapers—they'll amuſe you.

Mrs. B. I thank you; I'll ſend my little Edward for them, if I can prevail upon him—oh, here he is—my child!—now look, is n't Edward ſhooting up very like your——I beg your pardon—his brother, my dear William.

Enter Edward.

Maria. (*tender.*) Edward, how d'ye do, my dear?

Edward. Very well, I'm oblig'd to you. Mamma, you ſtaid ſo long, I fear'd Mr. Allbut had affronted you, and I'd have aſk'd him what he meant by it?

Maria. Why, that's very valiant of you, Edward—but t'other day, when Maſter Jack affronted you, you cry'd and walk'd away.

Edward. Aye, I didn't mind for myſelf, 'cauſe Maſter Jack was able to beat three of me; but I wou'dn't ſuffer the biggeſt man in England to affront my mother.

Mrs. B. My child, my love, come, we'll go home.—(*Going towards the houſe.*)

Edward. Why, Mamma, we don't live in the great houſe now—Mamma forgets our home now is the cottage.

Mrs. B. True, my love (*ſtruggling with her tears.*)

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Bellevue, Edward, *and* Maria.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before* Allbut's *houſe (enter* Maria, *goes to a ſide door and puſhes.)*

Maria.

I LEFT the door open—ſome of Maſter Jack's tricks, I ſuppoſe, *(knocks,* Mrs. Allbut *appears at the window.)*

Mrs. A. Who's there?

Maria. Oh! *(looking up)* the door ſhut whilſt—

Mrs. A. The Maria! I proteſt I didn't know you—to pay me a viſit! this is an honor—I—but I don't imagine you've any very material buſineſs here, Miſs.

Maria. Madam!

Mrs. A. There was indeed a ſervant girl I had—one Molly Willows—but ſhe got ſo pert and idle—I am determined never to let her into my houſe.

Maria. But, Ma'am, ſure you won't—

Mrs. A. Can't avoid it, Miſs. *(Maria weeps.)*

Enter Jollyboy.

Joll. They ſaid our ſmart Doctor Grigſby came this way—walk off with the money I had to pay my rent! *(looking about.)* No! holla! Madam Allbut! do your folks intend to bring that ſack of corn up to-day? mayhap you don't bake your own bread any more; becauſe if you want the flour, ſend the griſt up to mill, tol, lol, lol, *(ſings.)* Miſs Willows, what's the matter with my pretty chick? If it's a man has made you cry—tell me who—I'll ſee if I can't duſt his jacket, and if it's a woman, I'll tell her ſhe's *a damn'd hell-cat.*

(Allbut *appears at another window.*)

Mrs. A. Then you're a buſy fool.

All. Becauſe the air's ſo cool.

(Mrs. Allbut *ſeems to ſit and read.)*

Joll. Turn'd, poor ſoul, into the ſtreet! Ecod, Madam ſeems very eaſy after doing an action a Grand Turk wou'd be aſham'd of.

Mrs. A. "In tranquil hours it gave the ſmile ſerene." *(reading.)*

All. (*at the other window.*) You I have not ſeen, (*To Jollyboy.*)

Mrs. A. I deſire, girl, you will not bring a mob about my houſe.

Joll. Am I a mob?

All. For you I've a job.

Mrs. A. No doing any thing for this man. (*Retires.*)

All. To grind my corn—but beware of the horn. (Mrs. Allbut *appears at the ſame window with* Allbut.)

Mrs. A. Come in I deſire.

All. I beg leave to retire, (*he draws in—ſhe takes his place at the window, and is going to ſpeak—he puts his head over her ſhoulder*) I'll go ſit at the fire.

Mrs. A. (*to Maria.*) Contrary to my commands, you brought Widow Bellevue to my houſe, and be aſſur'd that you ſhall find my door for ever ſhut. (*Shuts window and retires.*)

Joll. Turn'd out for relieving the diſtreſſed---poor ſoul! too good to be ſhelter'd by a houſe, and now her roof is the canopy of heaven! Miſs Louiſa, our lodger, has left us---might again let the little box---but was it to bring me a guinea a day---I'd rather you'd occupy it for nothing.

Maria. I'm obliged to you, but cannot think of---

Joll. I'd be no loſer by the bargain; for proſperity hangs over the houſe that contains a humane and charitable heart.

Maria. Whither turn---ſeparated from my father! leave him with thoſe cruel people!

Enter Maſter Jack.

M. Jack. Molly! hark'ee——

Maria. (*joyful.*) Has your Mamma, relented? Has ſhe ſent for me?

M. Jack. Oh, no, my dear; but I'm ſoftened into a power of compaſſion for you.

Joll. Why now that's well---I always ſaid Maſter Jack was the flower of the flock---you think Miſs has been badly treated, and pity her, eh?

M. Jack. Yes, I pity her. My dear, ſince Mamma has diſcharged you---ſooner than you ſhou'd come to want—if you abide at Mrs. Bellevue's cottage; I'll pay her a ſhilling a week, and give you half-a-crown now and then, if you'll only let me come and kiſs you at all times when I'm in a humour?

Maria. How! (*with indignation.*)

Joll.

Joll. Why you ungenerous hound! is that your pity? Do you come and affront her with your raſcally propoſals at the very time that her ſorrowful ſituation renders her an object of reſpect and protection?

M. Jack. Hark'ee, Dick Jollyboy! I'll protect you with a douſe o'th' chops.

Joll. You whelp! (*ſtrikes him.*)

M. Jack. (*crying.*) Oh, that's pretty uſage to your landlord's ſon---ſee if I don't make Mamma turn you out of your mill---fine doings! a young gentleman to be dous'd only for aſking to keep a Miſs! [*Exit blubb'ring.*

Joll. Keep a miſs! pretty buck! no wonder curs like you, when the tip-top of the nation ſet before you decent examples.---My dear you'll be ſafer in my little cottage than in this great houſe.

Maria. I believe you---I accept your kindneſs, and thank you.

Joll. Why now that's hearty!

Enter Grigſby, *full dreſſed, with large wig, muff, and cane.*

Grig. Tho' I was deceived, by that foraging ſon of a Scarlet fever, yet my preſent was as ſweetly aſtringent as rough Alicant—I'll ſhew theſe good people that a Phyſician is ſomebody. I ſee reſpect is all paid to appearance; and by heav'ns I'll have a chariot tho' it draws me to St George's Fields, hem; (*looks important.*) Young woman,---this girl loves me (*aſide*)---Is your maſter or miſtreſs at home?

Joll. She has no maſter or miſtreſs.

Grig. How old are you? (*to Jollyboy.*)

Joll. Why? ſuppoſe I'm three and forty---what then?

Grig. You're not a phyſician?

Joll. No, thank heav'n.

Grig. Then you're a fool.---Every man at forty is either a fool or a phyſician. (*Struts.*)

Maria. (*to Jollyboy.*) I think I ſhall put you to inconvenience---ſuppoſe I go to the Doctor's, till I ſee what father determines.

Grig. Come to me! oh! this is what we call love-powder. (*Aſide.*)

Joll. Hold, Miſs. Doctor, give me a ten pound note.

Grig. Give you a ten pound note?

Joll. Yes; that Miſs Louiſa gave you.

Grig. So, when my patients give me a fee, I muſt give it to you? ha, ha, ha! but I'm not to laugh. (*Looks grave.*)

Joll. Come --ten pounds!---touch! (*Holds out his hand.*)

Grig.

Grig. A touch---in the pericranky- -bid he bite you? (*to Maria.*)

Joll. No: nor you ſhan't bite me. Give me the ten pounds.

Grig. He's got the hydrofogy! bring me out a baſon of water. (*to Maria.*)

Joll. Never mind either ſoap or water---I'm ſhav'd already---but return the money, or I'll take up your old trade and dreſs your wig upon your own block---here's my little twiggling comb! (*Shakes his cudgel.*)

Grig. A Robbery!

Joll. A fellow learns to bleed upon the veins of a cabbage leaf, and draws teeth, by clapping a red-hot poker to our noſes!---muſt pick our pocket as a wine-merchant and a doctor with ſloe-juice and powder of poſt. Deliver! (*Shakes his cudgel, and Grigſby gives the note.*)

Grig. Witneſs, Miſs; on the King's highway he ſays "ſtop, Sir, ſtand and deliver!"

Maria. Nay, but Mr. Jollyboy, this is a very dangerous practice, and what nobody could believe from a man of your character---oh! my poor dear father! (*Looking out and exit.*)

Enter Allbut *in a rage.*

All. Jollyboy, Mrs. Allbut has order'd me to treat you like a ſcoundrel.

Joll. Ah; you'll find it eaſy to obey her!

All. How dare you abuſe my wife and beat my child?---I'll give you---

Joll. This is quarter day, and there's your rent, (*gives the note to* Allbut.)

All. I'll give you a——receipt.

Joll. No: my word is a voucher that I have paid you---tol, lol. [*Exit.*

All. What an honeſt man!

Grig. Honeſt! this is the moſt barefac'd, impudent, way of paying rent! "An honeſt man" is plunder'd, and you are the receiver.

All. Plunder'd!—is this your way of making preſents?---if you've got at robbing hedges and hen-rooſts, your old practices, my boy;---how dare you make me the receiver?

Grig. By heav'ns, Sir; I'm of a ſanguine and aduſt complexion, and---

All. 'Sblood, Sir, who cares for your duſty complexion!

Grig.

Grig. Return it, for at preſent---

All. I'll not return the preſent---the gooſe is pluck'd---the pig is ſcalded, and damn me, if you ſhall have any thing back, but the old woman's petticoat.

Enter Shopman with a packet of bottles.

Shop. Maſter, I'm going to take the medicine to---

Grig. Take medicine---zounds! take ten pounds from that gentleman.

Shop. (*ſtaring*) Sir!

All. Take ten pounds from me?

Grig. If he won't give up it quietly, trip up his heels.

All. Trip up my heels! touch me, and I'll lay you by the heels in a jail, (*runs in.*)

Grig. Never mind---if he does, I'll viſit you.

Shop. Thank'ee, Sir, but I'll ſave you the trouble. [*Exit.*

Grig. He ſhall reſtore it, elſe---it's quite opake and clear to me---I'll oſſify his very bones---a miller and brewer take and give my money, hand to fiſt! enough to diſlocate my brain-pan---but that my wrongs brought out the loving concern of that comely ſervantmaid, Maria---my money! oh! by the---as I'm now bemuff'd and bewig'd, I muſt ſupport the condign dignity of a phyſician.---hum! ha! [*Exit into houſe.*)

Enter Charles.

Cha. Ay; it's a bad world, I ſee that. My thread-bare jacket drives every body away from me---ſome look with pity---ſome with contempt---but not one offers to relieve me!---oh! this is Mrs. Bellevue.

All. (*within.*) Give you ten pounds you barberizing raſcal! out with him, Peter! (Peter *and* Allbert *ſeen at door thruſting* Grigſby *out.*)

Grig. Here's a diaſcordium!---here's a noſtrum!

All. And a roſtrum---and a cuff---and a muff---(*kicks out the muff and ſhuts the door.*)

Cha. A new thing---people turn'd out of Mrs. Bellevue's houſe! why it's our gen'rous doctor!

Grig. Here's ptiſan and diet drink---they took me by the noſe!

Cha. Well: that's only returning your former compliments---you've got a ſcratch, but you've your own ſhop.

Grig. I never take any thing out of my own ſhop.

Enter

Enter Maſter Jack (*from the houſe.*)

Maſter J. Oh, ho! Father and Peter have been having fine ſport here---kicking Doctor Grigſby out, and never call'd me to join in the fun, oh,---

Grig. Pounded crabs-eyes! (*Maſter Jack gives him a blow on the back and runs in.*)---Had my man but back'd me---he ſhall never again pound mortar of mine---my lad, you may want employ, as your father and ſiſter are---beſides his ſiſter loves me, (*aſide.*)

Cha. What! ſpeak!

Grig. You can carry out parcels---I have been ſprain'd and batter'd like opodeldoc---no cutaneous hurt---but quite external---it has put me into ſuch a rage, I mean the Illiac paſſion and woe to Panado!---look at my caput---is n't there a fracture in the abdomen?---its denſe as a feather---oh, buſineſs for Bow-ſtreet---patients---I muſt now viſit the Brown-bear. Cure from my own ſhop! may do for a porter, but you'll never make an apothecary, oh, no,---no, no, (*Picks up the muff, adjuſts his wig and cloaths.*) the law ſhall---to give me ſuch a *diameter* on my noſe! I'll conſult Mr. Fudge the attorney, he ſhall take out a *ſuperſnijet*---follow me! [*Exit.*

Cha. What does he mean by my father and ſiſter? carry out parcels---porter---ſcoundrel! but tho' the people here thought me poor; yet they might ſuppoſe my father wou'd inſtantly repleniſh my purſe---he, thank heaven, can't be ſubject to their glum froſty looks---he has competence, and I hope health.

Enter Willows, *from an out-office, carrying a ſmall ſack full, which he immediately lays down.*

Is not that my father?

Will. I ſhall never be able of myſelf---(*looking out, ſees Maria.*) My child! I muſt not grieve her! I muſt ſeem to make light of it.

Enter Maria.

Maria. Nobody dare diſobey Mr. Allbut's orders to carry it for him, nor ſhou'd I add to his grief by telling him their uſage to me---now, Sir, don't attempt it.

Will. Child, we're now ſervants to Mr. Allbut, and to eat his bread and neglect our duty, is diſhoneſt and ungrateful.

Cha. Servants to Mr. Allbut! reduced indeed! oh, this accounts fully for my reception here.

Maria.

Maria. Sir, I fear 'twill hurt you.

Cha. My beloved ſiſter---brought up with tenderneſs!---my kind parent!---are theſe the comforts of his age!---but then isn't it in my power to---oh! till this moment, I never taſted the ſweets of riches! the delightful reflection that I can make others happy!

Maria. Sir, indeed you can't. (*Helping Willows to lift the ſack on a pitching-block.*)

Cha. They don't ſeem to know me. (*In a broad blunt voice.*) How d'ye do, Sir?—ſervant Miſs.

Will. How d'ye do? how d'ye do?

Cha. Seem paſt your labour?

Will. Yes, my lad; but thoſe that wo'n't labour may be compell'd to do worſe.

Cha. Have you now no ſon to work a little for you in your old days?

Will. Why I may have a ſon abroad, but perhaps my poor boy finds work hard enough himſelf.

Cha. Where was this to go?

Maria. Only up to the mill yonder---kind Sir, (*curtſeys*) Lord if he wou'd (*aſide, joyful.*) (Charles *whips up the ſack and ſtalks off ſinging*) then bleſſings on you! (*looking after him with delight.*)

Will. Now, child, this is very indiſcreet---how d'ye know who this man may be?

Maria. He's poor certainly---but he's an Engliſh ſailor, and an honeſt fellow, I warrant him.

Will. Holloa! Maſter! [*Exit haſtily.*

Maria. (*looking out.*) You're right, Sir, there's the windmill, (*points.*) [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The outſide of a windmill.*

Enter Charles *and* Margery, *from the mill.*

Marg. It is the dear ſoul, and I hav'n't pack'd up her things. (*Goes in,* Charles *retires.*)

Enter Louiſa *and* Maria.

Louiſa. Well, 'tis certainly very good of him.

Maria. Now wasn't it, Madam? (*looking towards* Charles.) Oh, then he has left it,

Louiſa. (*ſurpriſed.*) Why that's he—

Cha. How beautiful! my experiment don't require looking ſo very bad—may rub the duſt off my face—'tho the doctor refus'd me; yet old Margery has ſoap and water. [*Exit.*

Louiſa. The very delightful young man that interpos'd when thoſe rude gentlemen—and, here now, to aſſiſt the weak and aged! one wou'd think he watch'd for occaſions of rendering ſervices where moſt wanted---what an excellent heart muſt he have!

Maria. Don't you think, Ma'am, if well dreſs'd—really I believe he's very handſome!

Louiſa. Oh, have a care! young women muſt never think men handſome---nothing more dangerous to our peace---alas! I feel it ſo. (*Aſide.*)

Maria. Well, Ma'am; I'll ſtep down and apprize Mrs. Bellevue of the honor you intend her.

Louiſa. I thank you. This very atrocious circumſtance you've told me of the miller has confirm'd my determination to abide no longer with him.

Maria. Madam, it aſtoniſhed me! his conduct wou'd make one ſuſpect that the honeſty of the world exiſts only in appearance. [*Exit.*

Louiſa. You believe he's andſome---how very weak and inconſiderate is our ſex!---that girl now muſt be ſilly to take ſuch notice of men---to my fancy, if I dare have a fancy, he's the moſt amiable perſon I ever ſaw. (*Looking.*)

Re-enter Charles.

My heart beats quick---I tremble---I wiſh I---had never ſeen him---he has been making himſelf look more agreeable---now that is really very malicious. (*Aſide.*)

Cha. Madam, your moſt obedient, (*bows reſpectful.*) I'd talk a thouſand things, and yet I don't know what to ſay (*aſide*)---Ma'am, here within is great lamentation---your intention of removing will break the heart of your poor old landady.

Louiſa. I'm not going far, Sir---only to Mrs. Bellevue's there, below---look, Sir, that---

Cha. Oh, Ma'am, I ſee.

Louiſa. (*aſide.*) Looking quite the wrong way.---Sir, it's ---Lud! what am I about? abſolutely making an aſſignation!---I fear I'm farther gone than I thought I was (*aſide*)---I thank you, Sir, for the concern you took in my fright this morning.

Cha. Oh, Ma'am; no merit of mine; concern for a lady who muſt intereſt all that ſee her is involuntary. (*bows.*)

Louiſa. (*curtſeys.*) Since my coming here, I've ſauntered a good deal about, but don't recollect having ever had the pleaſure of ſeeing---lately come Sir? been abroad, I preſume?---but don't anſwer me. You ſee women will be impertinent.

Cha. They will be charming, and men be captivated---oh, you moſt lovely---

Louiſa. What! Sir—(*looks cold and ſerious*)---I deſerve this, (*aſide.*)---Sir, I retract all the information I gave you juſt now, (*ſmiles archly*)—people tell me, and it may be ſo, that often I don't know what I'm ſaying; yet pray don't *you* now by a contrary meaning take an interpretation of heart.

Cha. Then, Madam, you have a heart?

Louiſa. I'm afraid not, (*aſide thoughtful.*) I thought I told you, you wer'n't to mind what I ſay---I'm not going to live yonder---look there (*points*) I ſhall never walk through that meadow in an evening---I deſire not to know if your heart is engag'd to the young maiden for whoſe old father you carried the corn to the mill. (*Aſide.*) Lud! if I hav'n't got to flirtation with a man I know nothing about! I the niece to a peer! and he---but love is a moſt cruel democrat! murders all diſtinction, and levels hearts by exaltation to a mutual equality of ſweet affection! [*Exit.*

Cha. Now who is ſhe?---good and charming! and that's a volume!---(*looking out.*) Isn't this Allbut's wife? the miſtreſs of my father and ſiſter! who when I went abroad was little more than---what tricks has fortune been at?---Oh, my new valet—

Enter Valet.

Well, John, the people at the Roſe don't ſuſpect you belong to me?

Valet. Oh, no, Sir.

Cha. Right, for if I've a welcome from a ſoul here, it ſhan't be for my riches.

Valet. Sir, Captain Vanſluiſen bid me tell you that Sir Henry Check wiſhes to ſee you.

Cha. Very well; (*Exit ſervant.*) but I'll be a poor fellow for another five minutes---yes; (*looking out.*) Mrs. Allbut. I'll try what effect my out-at-elbows has upon her.

Enter Mrs. Allbut *in a rage.*

Mrs. A. I don't know what's come to all the common people!—an impudent miller to dare ſtrike a ſon of mine! but paying his rent ſhan't cajole me as it has done Mr. Allbut.

Cha. (*advances.*) Ah, Mrs. Allbut! How d'ye do, Ma'am?

Mrs. A. Who is this fellow?

Cha. (*aſide.*) Oh, ho!—I hope my father and ſiſter are well.

Mrs. A. (*aſide.*) I proteſt it's Young Willows—come home a beggar as I expected!

Cha. I've been very unfortunate.

Mrs. A. Unfortunate indeed! to return in this plight—where is this man?

Cha. Yes; but if my friends here are only ſo good as to aſſiſt me with a few comfortable meals, and a little money to ſupply me with decent clothes, I might ſoon be able to go out again and make another trial.

Mrs. A. The impertinence of ſuch people—(*aſide.*)

Cha. Sorry to hear my family is fallen ſo much to decay; however it's not loſt what a friend gets—glad to find you've ſince got ſo much up in the world—I hope for your kindneſs—aſham'd to appear about this figure, a few guineas wou'd rig me handſome; then I ſhould not diſgrace your table.

Mrs. A. My table! guineas! my friend, I never meddle in the pariſh affairs; but I fancy, if you've no viſible means of a livelihood, that the beadle knows his duty.

Cha. Me! Beadle! Madam, I hop'd for a kinder reception—

Mrs. A. Do you ſuppoſe that Mr. Allbut is keeper of the workhouſe?

Cha. Workhouſe! the time has been when you thought it the higheſt honor, my father's even hinting at a marriage between my ſiſter and your ſon.

Mrs. A. I ſhall burſt with rage!—Yet really—ha, ha, ha! its diverting—pray, friend, ſtand a little farther off, ha, ha, ha! my table! the elegant and ſelect circle of literature, my faſhionable friends might indeed ſtare to ſee a Naples Lazaroni ſit at my table—this creature too I ſuppoſe, "plays the Piano," and "reads Sterne."

Cha. Yes, Ma'am; but "the recording angel has no tears for you." *Enter*

Enter Allbut.

Mrs. A. Oh, Mr. Allbut, here's the pleaſanteſt thing! This ragged man has a ſiſter, and expected you'd give our ſon in marriage to her.

All. His ſiſter marry—

Mrs. A. Yes, our ſon Jack.

All. He deſerves a whack. Who is he, my dear?

Mrs. A. Oh, it's that—Molly, our maid's brother.

All. What Charley Willows, that went to ſea after Willy Bellevue?—poor man, ſeems bad times with you! My dear, he may have the run of the kitchen for a week?

Enter Willows *and* Maria.

Mrs. A. Well, Miſs Maria, now you've time, ſee will you exhibit your airs and graces at your piano forte?

Cha. Then, Ma'am, no pity for my diſtreſs?

Mrs. A. Pray take your diſtreſſes ſomewhere elſe.

Cha. Don't you know me, ſiſter? Father! (*kneels.*]

Maria. Oh, Sir, it's my brother! Heavens! I not to know him before!

Will. My dear, dear boy, riſe!

Mrs. A. Ah, lord! he can't ſpoil his clothes! Ha, ha, ha! Such folks pretend to feeling, its really amuſing!

Maria. Well, Charles, eh? how, juſt arriv'd?

Cha. Father, though I didn't go abroad rich, I'm come home poorer.

Will. Never mind, my boy,—better bring home an empty pocket than a bad conſcience. If you're clear of caſh, I hope you're likewiſe free from diſhonour.

Maria. Heard any thing of William Bellevue?

Mrs. A. Are we to ſtand all day liſt'ning to their diſmal ſtories?—Abſolutely their croaking has an effect upon one's ſpirits.

Cha. And I hope upon your heart. You once yourſelves felt the bitterneſs of poverty, and a ſympathiſing recollection might now incline you to pity ours. (*Taking off his hat.*)

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, have you got any ſilver?

All. A ſhilling—hem, I've got a ſixpence. If there's no hole in your hat, let it hold that. (*Drops it in his hat,* Maria, *with an air of dignity, takes it out, and places the hat on* Charles's *head.*)

Mrs. A. A very elegant chariot ſtopp'd yonder (*looks out*)—ſome viſit to us—Lord, Mr. Allbut, pray come a little

a little farther—Willows, you're ſon is abſolutely a diſgrace! I deſire he mayn't be ſeen hov'ring about our houſe.

Enter Footman in a full Dreſs, mourning livery.

I ſaw your maſter give the meſſage for us. (*Footman paſſes* Allbut, *walks up to* Charles, *bows reſpectful, and preſents a card.*)

Cha. (*reads aloud.*) "Sir Henry Check's compliments to Mr. Willows, congratulates him on his arrival in England, hopes—

Footman. Sir, my maſter himſelf is coming to you—but 'tis here I'm to inquire for this Lady Louiſa. (*Goes into mill.*)

Mrs. A. Dear! I vow it's Sir Henry Check! (*apart.*)

All. (*apart.*) Mrs. Bellevue's proud brother, that won't know her—he's a K. B. and an M. P. fiddle de dee—bravo! (*Walks up joyful.*)

Enter Sir Henry Check *in mourning, and re-enter Footman.*

Footman (*whiſpers Sir H.*) Sir, a young lady of the deſcription has been here, and they have directed me where to find her.

Sir H. (*apart.*) Oh, pray where is—

All. I'm here, Sir Henry.

Mrs. A. Had we expected this honour—

All. Mr. Conner, (*Bows.* *Mrs.* Allbut *frowns, and walks away aſhamed.*)

Sir H. Oh, you're Mr. ——— the brewer, that—(*with contemptuous indifference, then to Charles with ceremony and reſpect*) Mr. Willows, I preſume. (*All look at* Charles *with aſtoniſhment.*)

Cha. Moſt obedient, Sir Henry. I underſtand ſome property of mine is conſign'd to your houſe.

Sir H. It is, Sir. I left town, on a viſit to my Lord Oakwood's here in this neighbourhood, and underſtanding from Captain Vanſluiſen, that you had juſt arriv'd, took the opportunity of paying my reſpects with hopes of the pleaſure of introducing you to his Lordſhip.

Cha. Sir Henry, you're very obliging—I've ſome affairs to adjuſt, and then I'm at your ſervice. I ſhall dreſs and—

Sir H. Oh, my dear Sir, the perils you've been in ſufficiently apologize—

Cha.

Cha. Sorry, Sir Henry, for what may have been the cauſe of your preſent appearance.

Sir H. Thank'ee, Sir, I've had a ſevere loſs indeed—but come, Mr. Willows—I attend you.

Cha. My father—ſiſter—Sir Henry—

Sir H. Sir, (*bows to Willows.*) Madam, your moſt devoted. (*Very reſpectiful to Maria.*)

Grig. (*without.*) No; you ungrateful cur. I diſcharge you—I've got a new ſervant.—

Enter Grigſby.

I'll ſee if Doctors are to be robb'd of their fees, and flung out of Brewer's houſes like empty oyſter-ſhells—you may ſkip—(*to Charles.*) Bring up my horſe from the Jolly Mariners.

All. Get along. (*To Grigſby.*)

Grig. I will—and you ſhall get along to the Poultry Compter.

Enter Shopman with a baſket of phials.

You ſhall do nothing for me, (*ſnatches the baſket from him, and places it on Charles's head*) Here's my ſervant now—go you the rounds with them.

All. (*takes the baſket and flings it off.*) Come here affronting noblemen, you blundering fool!

Grig. My med'cine ſpilt! ſo you take phyſic off people's ſhoulders, you moſt obnoxious paroxyſm, I'll ſend you ſuch a bill you ſhall have ſymptons of a bilious complaint—(*turns, ſees Sir Henry*) Noblemen—(*bows*)—mourning—good family for a doctor, (*bows.*)—Sir, it's my way to invite people of condition to my houſe—hope you'll honour my oxycrate—the moraliſts conſider'd health preferable to ſickneſs—and, my lord, nothing like exerciſe—reſt is the nurſe of diſeaſe—you ſee as a doctor, I ſpeak againſt myſelf—and for exerciſe, no ailment ſo mucilaginous as ſheeps-head-broth; ſome prefer butter-milk; and it is indeed as a lacteal lachrymoligon—

Sir H. Poh! turn! (*ſpeaking off.*)

[*Exeunt Charles and Sir Henry in converſation.*

Foot. Oh, Mr. Allbut, our butler's compliments to you, deſires you'll ſend in a caſk of ſmall beer for the ſervants. [*Exit.*

Grig.

Grig. Sir! poh! turn! here you, my old chronic ſervant, take to your quadruped, and ungroundſel my ſimples in a limback ſcalager of immenſe featherfew. [*Exit.*

(*They all look at each other.*

Maria. Father!

Will. Why, Maria!

All. Mrs. Allbut!

Mrs. A. (*confuſed and embarraſſed.*) Mr. Willows, I—cou'd—have—wiſh'd—Sir, that you had told us—

Will. The firſt I knew of it myſelf.

All. I ſuſpect he has brought home the pelf.

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, I die with ſhame, for the ſcandalous treatment you have given him.

All. Me!

Mrs. A. 'Pon my word, he's improv'd—when dreſs'd, I dare ſay he's a fine young man. Mr. Willows, you're very happy—Miſs, I give you joy. (*Curtſeys.*)

Enter Charles.

Cha. (*joyful to Willows.*) Sir, I've brought home wealth, and I ſhall think my perils and labours in the acquiſition nobly repaid, if it can contribute to the eaſe and comfort of my dear, my honour'd parent!

Will. My child!

Maria. My good Charles! oh, now I may be enabled to raiſe the widow from her couch of ſorrow!

Mrs. A. (*with great reſpect and gentleneſs.*) Well, I preſaged, when but a boy, and the ſweet child us'd to make ſuch a graceful bow; taking bread and currant-jelly out of my hand, I ſaid Charles was born to ride in his coach.

All. Yes, my love, and you remember, that day you gave him the ſmart box o'th' ear, (*Mrs. Allbut walks up angry.*) Mrs. Allbut, I call you to witneſs, when he was a little maſter, I ſaid, ſays I, "if that beautiful young gentleman was thrown into the ſea, he'd riſe again, with a bag-wig and a ſword by his ſide."

Mrs. A. Sir, we have now a very genteel neighbourhood—form little ſocial parties—happy if you'll make one, at a concert—or take a hand at Caſſino, or Rouge et Noir—Mr. Willows, if you'll honour our houſe—

Cha. Sir, are you keeper of the workhouſe?

All. Me!—we hope you'll dine—

Cha. To take the run of the kitchen—father, ſhall I trouble you to order every inn in the village, open to all comers?

comers?—ah! my good Sir and Madam, thank heav'n, I can now chuſe my company, and I'd ſooner ſteep my cruſt in the brook, than ſit at a table that hadn't a dinner for the poor man that wants one.

[*Exeunt* Charles, Maria *and* Willows.

Mrs. A. Oh, I ſhall die with vexation! [*Exit.*

All. Did my dear and I know, Charley'd bring home the rhino,
We'd have ſqueak'd, Oh, be joyful, and ſcrap'd violino.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before* Allbut's *Houſe. Muſic and Shouting without.*

Enter Jollyboy.

AY, there's the rich man's welcome, the full-mouth'd gratitude of beef and beer; what, and the Allbuts too going to partake of Mr. Willows' bounty! then Old Nick choke you in the ſhape of a pound cake.

Enter Mrs. Allbut *richly dreſs'd from the Houſe.*

Madam Allbut! Going up to Mrs. Willows's huzza at the Bear?

Mrs. A. Huzza!—but we ſhould pity the misfortune of tradeſpeople that want the advantages of early cultivation.

Joll. Ay; we brewers and millers can't be expected to know much!

Enter Maſter Jack *from the Houſe awkwardly dreſs'd.*

Maſt. J. Mamma, a'n't I too finely dreſs'd to viſit our ſervant maid?

Joll. Ay, Maſter Jack, you're finer than ever your grandfather was.

Maſt. J. Mamma, Jollyboy won't let me talk about Molly.

Mrs. A. You muſt now ſay Miſs Maria, ſhe'll have an immenſe fortune.

Maſt. J. Then, Mamma; I muſtn't ſay, "hey the "Molly, hand me the toaſt and butter?"

Enter Allbut, *intoxicated.*

All. Let my coach wait at my iron-gate.

Mrs. A. This my indulgence, to let you dine out!

Joll. So, then, after your ſhabby conduct you've been ſwilling Mr. Willows's wine--the devil's in your aſſurance!

Maſt. J. And now he can't behave himſelf.

All.

All. Why? don't *you* go up to the Roſe and halloo for Mr. Willows?---"*You've no veneration for rich people.*"

Joll. Not I. If a man has riches, ſo much the better for himſelf. I thank heav'n and my own induſtry---want none on't: nor if I did wou'd he give it—ſo what's any man's riches to me?

All. You won't even make one at our pariſh feaſts and veſtry-dinners, you churl!

Joll. Why ſhou'd you have feaſts and dinners?

All. To ſettle bus'neſs. Wou'd you have us meet in a field?

Joll. Meet in a horſe-pond, with your chins juſt above water, rather than feaſt upon the poor.

Mrs. A. My coach, John!

Joll. Ay; you've ſcrapes, bows, and bareheads; but it's only to your coach—give me the cordial ſmile of ſolid eſteem in my chay-cart.

Mrs. A. Draw up! I muſt pay my reſpects to Miſs Maria.

Joll. Reſpects!—the poor girl you turn'd into the ſtreet!

Maſt. J. Mamma, Jollyboy's always prating, won't let me talk. (*Whiſtles.*)

Mrs. A. Here, Maſter Jack, by the way, you read me Orlando Furioſo. (*Gives him a book.*) The Maria ſhall peruſe my poem over our tea. (*Aſide.*) As a rehearſal I'll condeſcend---poetry may civilize this perſon---a brute! that cou'd ſtrike my child. (*To Jollyboy.*) Have you ever read ſympathy, ſenſibility, and humanity?

Joll. No; but I wiſh you'd get 'em by heart.

Mrs. A. Man, do you *viſit* the muſe? (*emphatical.*)

All. Ay, when was you in Cockſpur-ſtreet? (*imitating.*)

Mrs. A. Have *you* tranſcrib'd my poem as I bid you?—Genius is above writing a mechanic fine hand.

All. Yes; but genius might know how to ſpell; and you write ſuch a damn'd ſcrawl, my love.

Maſt. J. Ay, juſt like on an India tea-cheſt.

All. Oh, here I've copied it out in a neat hand. (*Gives the paper to* Mrs. Allbut.)

Mrs. A. Gentlemen have no opinion of female literature; indeed we have not diſtinguiſh'd ourſelves in blank verſe.

All. She'll be delighted with my improvements on it.

Mrs. A

Mrs. A. A Jeu d'eſprit of mine---(*to* Jollyboy) you may read it out. (*Gives paper.*)

Joll. (*reads.*) " Tall torrents tumble from the tow'ring cliff,

All. " With a two-penny tiff.

Joll. " The wild winds whiſtle with the roaring wave,

All. " Dr. Grigſby for a penny did ſhave."

[Jollyboy *throws down paper and exit.*

Maſt. J. Oh, my father! (*laughs.*)

All. (*bawling after* Jollyboy.) Mind the " tiff" and the " ſhave" are mine---I'll give up any thing but my fame: I ſaw you was poz'd for a rhyme, my dear; not one in the whole poem, my chick!

Mrs. A. Rhyme!---Do you know what blank verſe is, you wretch you!

All. Well didn't I fill up the blanks? Sweet!

(*Maſter* Jack *continues laughing.*

Mrs. A. Dare to interpolate! Oh! I muſt get a tranſcriber---ſome half-boarder at a top ſchool---a reduced clergyman's daughter---no! that young perſon Margery recommended. (*Shouting without.*)

All. Oh, Widow Bellevue ſneaking to her hovel.

Enter Mrs. Bellevue *and* Edward.

Mrs. Bell. Let's avoid this noiſe and feſtivity---joys are not for me! the Allbuts——

Mrs. A. One ſhou'd endeavour to do ſomething for this poor woman, as Miſs Maria was partial to her---How d'ye do, Mrs.—cou'dn't you make it out more comfortable, by a trial of—ſelling, ſome—trifling wares in—throw your cottage—into a little—ſort of—ſhop-window—a few children's toys, penny books, or—might keep a little ſchool. You've capacity to teach the infant ruſtics to ſpell, I ſhou'd imagine—Mr. Allbut, you'll advance the widow a few pounds for a ſet up?

All. I have it—there's one of my alehouſes, the Fox and Gridiron--people run away, (*ſings*) " It's a pretty little " reputable public houſe."—I'll put you into that: and for ſtock, I'll ſend you in a pin of beer or two.

Mrs. Bell. Hear me! You who have poſſeſs'd yourſelves of my right by rapine, and keep it by fraud—there is an eye that marks ye, a hand that holds a ſword—the hour will come to ſtrike! wealth that ſhou'd give exalted luſtre, renders you eminently deſpicable! Wretches, intoxicated! that

that drinks the widows and the orphans tears! Oh! let the oppreſſor of the poor, reſtleſs on his bed of down, look within—there feeds the worm of conſcience—whilſt the patient object of his cruelty enjoys ſweet ſlumber on his bed of ſtraw—patience, oh, heavens! where is mine? (*weeps*) but I will be proud! (*recovering herſelf looks with dignity and contempt on Mrs.* Allbut, *and exeunt with* Edward. *Mrs.* Allbut *confuſed, bridles and exit*---Allbut *puts his hands in his coat pockets, holds down his head and exit*---*Maſter* Jack *pulls down his ruffles and ſtruts off.*)

Enter William *and* Captain Mullinahack.

Will. Ay, Captain, ſince the ſharks have miſs'd us, and we've got a firm footing on old England.

Capt. M. I don't know what ſort of breakfaſt I'd be for a fiſh; but at this moment I cou'd eat a piece of a ſhark without oyſter ſauce, and yet I hav'n't the price of a red herring.

Will. Here I promiſe you every comfort that affluence and hoſpitality can beſtow; that's my mother's houſe, (*pointing to Allbut's.*) She'll give us roaſt beef, a bumper of ſtout Madeira, and humming ſtrong beer of her own brewing, Captain.

Capt. M. Faith; I wiſh we were ſitting down to it.

Enter Edward.

Edw. Now they're all gone out, if Miſs Maria cou'd ſee me—I'm afraid to---(*Gives an eaſy rap at the door.*)

Enter Maſter Jack.

Maſt. J. (*knocks loud.*) Peter, chuck Mamma's ſnuff-box out at window. (*Door opens.*)

Will. Now, Captain, I'll introduce you to my mother.

Maſt. J. (*ſtopping him.*) What d'ye want?

Will. The lady of the houſe.

Maſt. J. But ſhe doesn't allow poor folks to come about door.

Will. Then ſhe's much alter'd for the worſe—Can't I go in?

Maſt. J. Sha'n't!

Capt. M. (*to Jack.*) Pray, my boy, didn't you learn with the cook and eat with the chaplain?

Maſt. J. What?

Capt. M.

Capt. M. Nothing: only you're better fed than taught.

Will. But I'd ſpeak with Mrs. Bellevue.

[*Exit* Jack *into the houſe and ſlaps the door.*

Edw. That's now Mr. Allbut's---Mrs. Bellevue, Sir, is my mamma.

Will. (*aſide.*) This my brother.

Edw. She lives in the cottage here.

Will. (*aſide.*) And is it ſo?

Capt. M. (*aſide.*) Upon my honour I'm afraid the roaſt beef is all eat up---the Madeira is all ſupp'd up, and the ſtrong beer turn'd ſour---William, the firſt interview with your mother won't admit of a ſtranger---I'll wait for you in the cabaret yonder—don't be aſham'd—as an enemy, when you retook my prize you cut me down with your hanger—as a friend after we were ſav'd in the waves, and ſince partners in adverſity, you've been kind and gentle, and millions of gold cannot increaſe my reſpect where I admire courage, and honour humanity.— [*Exit. Shouts without.*

Edw. That's joy for a great rich gentleman that's come. [*Exit.*

Will. Joy! [*Exit melancholy.*

Enter Charles *and* Sir Henry Check (*laughing.*)

Sir H. For your good cheer now you're the greateſt creature, ha, ha, ha! Your pretending pennyleſs, an excellent trial!

Cha. Ha, ha, ha!—And the damn'd Allbuts too—their fulſome compliments—But you had ſomething to ſay, Sir Henry?

Sir H. A thought has ſtruck me—your ſiſter is very amiable—under any engagement?

Cha. Why, there was a young gentleman, a very dear friend of mine; but I fear he's dead—for—

Sir H. I've loſt my only ſon—our family, title, and my fortune, muſt now go to a nephew, for ſome time not upon terms with his mother—I may have been wrong—if we cou'd bring about a match between your ſiſter and this my nephew.

Cha. With my ſiſter's conſent, you have mine, Sir Henry.

Sir H. Beſt not introduce my ſiſter Bellevue till ſhe can make ſome appearance, (*aſide.*)—Full of buſineſs, Mr. Willows—Oh, did you ſee an Iriſh French officer about here, ſince—But you'll conſider—adieu! excuſe me. [*Exit.*

Cha. Abrupt enough! A marriage of faſhion and

bus'neſs propos'd by the baronet and banker. Now to comfort poor Mrs. Bellevue—but this is the charming ſtranger's forbidden cottage and meadow. Is my viſit here love or charity?

Re-enter William.

Will. I'll walk in the air till ſhe wakes.

Cha. By heavens, William Bellevue! (*ſurpriſed.*)

Will. Find my mother reduc'd! and I return'd to her with one ſhilling!

Cha. My poor fellow! (*aſide*). William!

Will. (*ſurpriſed*). My dear Charles! I heard you follow'd me out to ſea.

Cha. Juſt return'd to England.

Will. Sorry to ſee you too come home with a ſhatter'd hulk.

Cha. Not yet heard of my good fortune (*aſide.*) I think no occaſion, but I'll try him too (*aſide*). Aye, William, and no hope from my father or ſiſter! all gone badly ſince with them too.

Will. My beloved Maria and my friend! (*Turns aſide.*)

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, does your honour wiſh—

Cha. Damn the fellow, (*ſhoves him off.*) Eh, William—well? Strange we never met abroad. Though your mother did ſend you off from my ſiſter, I think ſhe'll be ſoften'd to ſee me come home thus. Come, we'll ſtep into her houſe, and over a bottle and a cruſt we'll talk of our voyages. Oh, Bill, you've a ſnug, warm birth to come home to—but poor me—

Will. Charles, that's my mother's habitation now.—(Charles *affects ſurprize and concern.*) A gentleman waits for me at the Grapes—ſtep acroſs—I'll ſee my mother, and come to you.

Cha. But, ſhou'd any thing prevent you, I've no—(*touching his pocket.*)

Will. Here, Charles, (*gives him money.*)

Cha. Perhaps I deprive you.

Will. Oh, no, I'm ſtill a few ſhillings ſtrong—good bye. [*Exit.*

Cha. (*joyful*). Give my ſiſter with a hundred thouſand pounds to baronets and bankers!—My generous poor friend have her. But. hearing nothing from him ſo long, may ſhe not ſince have choſen another—ſo fine a girl muſt have had many

many dying ſwains—(*looking out*). Doctor Grigſby! Your agreeable apothecaries know all that's done, ſaid, or thought in every family—I'll aſk him.

Enter Captain Mullinahack.

Capt. M. Their open alehouſes! I muſt watch for my friend in the ſtreet: in the ſtate of my pocket I'm afraid to venture into a tavern yet, though I'm juſt hungry enough. If I dine with a gentleman, it ſhall be at his own private table—Oh, they tell me this is the great man that pays the piper—An airy kind of a morning dreſs—May be he'd invite me. Sir, your moſt obedient—(*Bows.*)

Cha. Sir, (*bows*) you have the advantage of me.

Capt. M. No, 'faith, Sir, it's you that have the advantage of me—You know where to find a dinner, and I muſt firſt find the philoſopher's ſtone (*aſide.*) You've charming air here---ſo ſharp and keen, gives one ſuch a nice appetite.

Cha. Sir, it's wholeſome air.

Capt. M. Yes, Sir; but it's not toothſome.

Cha. Sir!

Capt. M. No, he won't (*aſide*). Sir, (*bows*) ſince my mouth muſt be idle, I'll try if my noſe can't get a little employment (*aſide.*) Sir, a pinch of your ſnuff, if you pleaſe.

Cha. Sir, I don't take any.

Capt. M. Oh, theſe are bad times indeed, when a ſea officer can neither get ſnuff or mutton. (*Half aſide.*)

Cha. A gentleman by his air and manner, but ſeems an oddity.

Enter Grigſby *and Conſtable.*

Grig. My patients cannot ſpare me to go to London—beſides this rich man will be now for cramming himſelf with turbots and turtles eggs.

Capt. M. May be he'd invite me. Sir, I am your's alſo. (*To Grigſby.*) (*Grigſby ſtares.*) Nor you neither.

Grig. What!

Capt. M. Poh! [*Exit.*

Grig. Then poh! for you. Conſtable, you'll catch my thief?

Conſt. But who is he?

Grig. If he knocks out your teeth, I'll give you a fine tooth I bought of a blackamoor. (*Sees* Charles.) The nabob—how lucky his believing I didn't know him this morning---his ſiſter loves me---(*aſide.*) (*Cringes*) Sir, if you

you dance in the evening, that is, a minuet, now loſe a little blood—my lances ſo ſharp and obtuſe—my ſweet little parlour—ſattin hair-bottom'd chair—handl'd China coffee cups—Sir, your arm ſhall be ty'd with your own philaſtic garter—ſtretch'd out, hold one of my fluted ſilver candleſticks, and to divert your thoughts by a pleaſing object before you in a glaſs-caſe, my ſkeleton of Levi Barrabbas—none of your ſixpenny London bleedings, pewter porringer, yard of lift and a broom-ſtick—by the heavens, Sir, I'll charge you two guineas—there will be bleeding! (*Pompous.*)

Cha. But now for information—Doctor, as well as the body, you're often conſulted on the ſtate of the mind?—

Grig. The Munro? Ha!—Theraptica, (*looks cunning.*)

Cha. Why, Doctor, you ſeem to have acquir'd aſtoniſhing ſkill in your anatomy, pharmacy—

Grig. Dear Sir, only ſymptoms in pharmacy, I have a pretty meadow, ſome corn—

Cha. Blockhead! (*aſide.*) Pray have you heard—do you think my ſiſter has form'd any particular attachment!

Grig. In the Pleura ſhe was in danger, but I diſpers'd it—young women ſubject to theſe periodical diagonals.

Cha. I mean love attachments, ſince—ſpeak out—the man that can make her happy ſhall have her.

Grig. Shall he? When only Allbut's maid, I never minded Miſs Maria's leers at me, and how ſhe took my part when Jollyboy, (*aſide.*)—Sir, your ſiſter has long form'd a moſt laſting attachment.

Cha. Long! (*aſide.*) Oh, William—but a doctor I don't mean—

Grig. There is a certain worthleſs, cephilalgical poor dog—the very thought of him is her elexir cardialgia.

Cha. Then ſhe has kept her heart for—(*aſide.*)—His povrty is nothing to any body.

Grig. Certainly, Sir, you've a cauſtic for that!

Cha. I think him worthy of the fineſt woman in England!

Grig. Oh, dear Sir, (*bows.*)

Cha. I'm certain he's endow'd with ev'ry gen'rous quality—

Grig. Oh, Sir, (*bows.*)

Cha. And doctor, the poor cephalalgical dog, as you call him, ſhall have her, in preference, even to the nephew of a baronet.

Grig. Shall I?—then ſhake hands my gen'rous brother!

Cha. What, yourſelf! You? (*agitated.*)---(*aſide.*) Impoſſible! this can exiſt only in his own folly.

Enter Louiſa.

Louiſa. Yes, here he is; but what brings me here?

Grig. What, your change---hav'n't ſo much i'th 'till---ſend you a bag of camomile. (*Apart.*)

Louiſa. So, Sir, for all my caution, you wou'd come hov'ring about the cottage, and my walk in the meadow? (*Archly.*)

Cha. Oh! you moſt charming!

Louiſa. Hold! I never liſten to heroics.

Cha. As you ſay, Ma'am, they are very ridiculous, (*confus'd, looking out.*) My ſiſter---to think of this fellow, but ſhe can't---yet the ſex fall into ſuch unaccountable inconſiſtencies.

Louiſa. Mrs. Bellevue is a very charming widow, ſo don't you follow me in there.

Cha. As you ſay, Ma'am, excuſe me a moment, there's a lady coming that---

Louiſa. Oh, Sir, I don't wiſh to interrupt you and the lady---I deſerve this, for my forward indiſcretion.

(*Aſide. Exit.*

Enter Maria *dreſſed.*

Maria. Oh, brother, have you ſeen Mrs. Bellevue?

Cha. (*aſide.*) If ever ſo depraved, ſhe'll be aſhamed to own it to me—I muſt draw concluſions from her manner—(*aſide.*)—Maria—

Enter Jollyboy.

Joll. Mr. Charles Willows—fling your money about among drunken mobs!—I wiſh with all your joy, you'd let your golden ſun ſhine upon the houſe of ſorrow.

Char. Thank'ee, my honeſt monitor.

Grig. (*to Conſtable.*) Apprehend the honeſt monſter! I'll ſwear he robb'd me—here will be fractures—as I'm going to be married, muſt take care of myſelf for the good of poſterity. (*Aſide.*) [*Exit.*

Conſt.

Conſt. Wasn't it Mr. Jollyboy—he rob!—did you (*to Jollyboy.*)

Joll. No.

Conſt. An honeſt man's word againſt the oath of a—good by'e, (*ſhakes hands and exit.*)

Cha. Here muſt be probity (*gives Jollyboy a paper.*)—My almoner—go! *you* "find out the houſe of ſorrow," and diſpenſe joy.

Joll. A hundred pounds! "I ſhall get ſaucy again." Huzza! I give you leave to roar and be happy, tho' you are a rich man, or you ſhall laugh by proxy—I'll be your repreſentative in joy, as well as charity; and a bleſſing on you as you give it—Tol, lol, lol. [*Exit, ſinging and dancing.*

Maria. Brother, you're very wrong to entruſt—you're deceiv'd—he's not the man you think him; I aſſure you, he us'd the poor doctor moſt horridly—

Cha. (*aſide.*) Her poor doctor! Oh, her partiality is evident,—for him, ſlander ſuch genuine integrity!—love a wretch that cou'd deny me! who, when he ſuppos'd me in indigence—take him—let him be a huſband; but I am no more a brother. [*Exit.*

Maria. What can he mean? (*looking out.*) Heavens! ſure that's William—he return'd too!—Then 'twas my dear William that Charles meant—perhaps they met abroad—why at firſt conceal it? Could my love be unkind to him? oh, no, my William, the delight I receiv'd from even a thought that I might ſee you again, and now is it thus my wiſh is accompliſh'd; my father loves us, he'll remonſtrate with Charles; better his gold had ſtay'd in the mine than make him violate the deareſt ties of duty, love, and friendſhip. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Cottage, a Table with Books, Work, and Newſpapers.*

Enter Mrs. Bellevue.

Mrs. Bell. Maria has ſent me the news-papers, ſweet girl! ſhe takes every occaſion to amuſe and oblige me, (*looks out*). Eh! what ſtranger, Edward?

Enter Edward.

What, you brought the poor man in, to relieve him? that was right, my love—your brother William is a ſailor, if he lives—and for his ſake, tho' we have only a little, you know it's always my wiſh to ſpare—when diſtreſs takes the ſhape of a forlorn ſeaman.

Edw. But, Madam, he—

Mrs. Bell. When in danger, England looks to a ſailor for protection—but that no longer wanted, gratitude ſhou'd forbid us to neglect the diſintereſted improvident; too gen'rous to laviſh only on himſelf, the fruits of preſent ſucceſs, and too thoughtleſs to provide againſt future misfortune.

Edw. Mamma, he has ſome great bus'neſs with you, yet, when I told him you was aſleep, he gently look'd over you—oh, but I never ſaw ſuch a look! tears fell down his cheeks—and then, for fear of diſturbing you, he ſtole ſo ſoftly out again—Sir! (*calling.*) [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bell. (*looking out.*) Perhaps brings news of—

Enter William.

'Tis himſelf—my William!—my dear beloved ſon, (*he kneels, ſhe throws her arms round him.*)

Will. Mother, can you forgive—

Mrs. Bell. No, the mother ſhou'd aſk pardon of her child—I baniſh'd you, my life's comfort, from my arms—from your country—I wrong'd, and heaven has aveng'd you—Ah! William, look, I've no home for you; and it's now you ſeem moſt to want a home.

Will. Edward has told me. Cou'd Allbut be ſuch a villain! didn't my uncle interpoſe with his advice? his fortune?—is he in London, I'll—

Mrs. Bell. No, William, I muſt now forget I had a brother! Since your departure he has had an heir to his eſtate—a Baronet's title too! No: Sir Henry now never ſees me!

Will. But why?

Mrs. Bell. My fault is adverſity, and that the proſperous cannot forgive.

Will. Then, Madam, I muſt not face my uncle—With hopes to raiſe a fortune for Maria, I quitted the Captain with whom you ſent me—rambled to the Eaſt Indies—but

our

our relation wou'd not encourage my diſobedience—I left him in diſguſt—and after many perils, was returning in a Dutch India Ship—we were taken by a Frenchman, but in the night, I got upon deck and—

Mrs. Bell. (*ſnatching up a news-paper.*) Your ſhip was re-taken: then the brave youth was not drown'd!—Was it you, my William, that preſerv'd—it was! I ſaid I knew none ſo likely to perform ſuch an action as my ſon, my gallant William—oh, my child! in this thread-bare jacket ten thouſand times more welcome to your fond Mother, than if clad in jewels acquir'd by the plunder of the unfortunate!—my ſon! my ſon! (*embraces him*; *looking out.*) Oh, the lady that Maria told me of.

Will. And my appearance— [*Exit, haſtily.*

Enter Louiſa.

Louiſa. Madam, pardon my intruſion—

Mrs. Bell. Madam, you do me honour; Maria has informed me, that you wiſh'd to come—

Louiſa. I do, Madam; the miller and his wife are good people, but coarſe—the man blunt—yet, as Maria tells me, not too honeſt—an aſylum with you will make me happy.

Mrs. Bell. Madam, it ſhall be my endeavour—

Louiſa. You ſhou'd know ſomething of me tho'—a family diſagreement drove my father, a man of rank, from his country—I follow'd him to France—he was a Captain in their navy.—I hav'n't heard of him ſome years, which gives me much doubt and uneaſineſs—I retir'd, Madam, to this village, 'till I either hear of him or am recall'd by my friends.

Mrs. Bell. Here you may have tranquillity; but cheerfulneſs you muſt bring with you.

Louiſa. Yes: but 'twas taken from me by the way, by a moſt unkind young man—juſt come from over ſeas—I believe only to vex me.

Mrs. Bell. Over ſeas? What ſort of man?

Louiſa. Oh, very handſome.

Mrs. Bell. A ſtranger—muſt be my William!

Louiſa. Aye: I thought he look'd like a falſe William.

Mrs. Bell. My ſon!

Louiſa. Indeed, your ſon! but do you think he has given away his heart?

Mrs.

Mrs. Bell. He loves, and is belov'd, (*looking out*) and here comes the very amiable girl.

Louiſa. (*looking.*) Aye: the very, very ſame that—What cou'd ſhe mean by her fineſſe to me at the mill this morning—as a meer ſtranger—expreſs ſuch feeling for his ſervice to her father! (*aſide.*)

Enter Maria.

Maria. Oh, Madam, where's William?

Louiſa. And ſhe left him this very moment (*aſide.*)

Mrs. Bell. Not far off—Maria, you're very fine, what is this?

Maria. Hav'n't you heard? Ah, Madam, I fear an union with William is now far diſtant.

Louiſa. (*joyful.*) Is it?—I aſk your pardon, Ma'am, I'm very rude, but I—I—(*confus'd.*)

Enter Grigſby.

Grig. (*to Maria.*) Now, my beloved, (*ſees Louiſa.*) here again?—want your change—hav'n't ſo much in the till—ſend you ſeven bottles of peppermint—(*aſide.*) I'll celebrate our brother's ſucceſs by illuminating my windows—the village ſhan't blaze in bonfires, and my houſe dark—wiſh I'd a few ſquibs, or ſome little guns to make revolutions.

Enter Edward.

Edw. (*to Louiſa.*) Miſs, a ſervant in mourning aſks for you.

Louiſa. Madam, your pardon, [*Exit haſtily.*

Mrs. Bell. That ſeaman was your brother, my love; go to him.

Edw. What, William! [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bell. But, Maria, you aſtoniſh me—what can have turn'd your heart againſt my William?

Grig. Talk not of Williams or Georges—her heart muſt turn to nobody but Jack Grigſby—her noble brother! to give her to me, in preference to the nephew of a baronet!

Maria. To you? impoſſible that Charles can be ſo abſurd!

Mrs.

Mrs. Bell. Nephew of a baronet—muſt mean my boy—Is Charles this rich man, whoſe arrival has occaſion'd ſuch univerſal joy?—Oh, then his contempt for my William is accounted for—here's the world! ſtep this way, my ſon—never mind your dreſs.

Enter Edward.

Edw. Madam, my brother's gone. He over-heard you all talking, and went out greatly troubled.

Mrs. Bell. How!

Maria. Which way, Edward?

[*Exeunt Mrs. Bellevue, Maria, and Edward.*

Grig. Her brother giving her to me—very handſome—but I muſt dreſs terrible ſmartiſh—with the *ecclat* of her fortune, I ſhall indeed be a phyſician—Doctor! Beautiful!—I *will* buy a deplomar—job-coach—pretend to be reading—own footman thump muffled knocker—door open'd by lady of the houſe—ſtep ſlowly up ſtairs—ſhoes creak—chair plac'd—patient's bedſide—all ſilent, reading my looks—pinch of ſnuff—ſtop-watch—ſqueeze pulſe—touch guinea—beautiful! thrice beautiful! ha! hum! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Road. Enter* William, *agitated.*

Will. Maria falſe! My mother in indigence—this my home! Where ſhall I turn my face?—Heavens!

Enter Allbut *and* Waiter.

Waiter. You'll ſup at our houſe, Sir?

All. (*ſeeing William.*) I don't like your ſtraggling ſtrangers—it's Willy Bellevue!—He come back too ſhabby! Yes: he wants to play on us the ſame game that Charles did—certainly rich—ſeems poor, only to try us.

Waiter. (*apart to Allbut.*) Aye, Sir; gad, you've hit it! like Mr. Willows, he certainly has brought home the ſhiners—and I'll tell 'em ſo up at our houſe. (*Aſide. Runs off.*

All. He'll play the devil with me for ranſacking his Mamma!—Oh, this, 'twas that puff'd her up when ſhe trim'd us ſo this morning!—I'll ſeem to think him poor—then the greater merit in my kindneſs. Willy Bellevue! (*joyful.*)

Will. (*aſide.*) The wealthy brute that oppreſs'd my mother.

All. So glad to ſee you come home again!

Will. If I had even gone away in your debt, I have brought no money to pay you.

All. Sly! (*aſide.*)—Talk of money between friends—I ſaid when you went abroad, you were too honeſt, like Charley Willows, to make fortunes, by cutting Rajahs throats—and running off with their coats.

Will. Has Charles brought home money?

All. He has, my Honey. My ſweet Boy, he has been as great a rogue to get pelf—as yourſelf, or myſelf (*aſide.*) He has been ranſacking abroad—brought home rupees enough fill a porter-butt.—No, give me the honeſt conſcientious man, tho' he hasn't a halfpenny to buy his dog a roll—and Billy, I reſpect you by my ſoul!

Will. Charles make fortunes! This doesn't correſpond with his ſtory to me—perhaps, flaſhing away to procure a little civility, or to marry off his ſiſter—

(*Shuting and oy-bells without.*)

All. That dog of a waiter has been blowing this all about, (*aſide.*)—Don't mix with that rabble at the Roſe—come to my houſe, Billy tho' you hav'n't a ſouſe.

Will. But my Mother.

All. You are my Brother. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *An elegant Drawing Room in* Allbut's *Houſe.*

Enter Allbut, Peter, *and* Maid.

Allbut.

QUICK, Peter! Put wax in the girandoles and luſtres—blazing cluſters.

Enter Mrs. Allbut *ſurpriz'd.*

Mrs. A. I hope you hav'n't aſk'd Mr. Willows and his party here?

All. No; but there's another young old friend of ours ariv'd in England *(running about and adjuſting furniture)* Jenny!—bid cook buſtle.

Mrs. A. What do you mean by your buſtles and illuminations?

All. I tell you here's a gentleman—there he is—give me a kiſs?

Mrs. A. With ſweet conſent to conjugal endearments thus the turtle-dove—but oh, fie! *(going to him ſmiling.)*

All. Lord! I don't want to kiſs you—I only ſaid it for the rhyme's ſake. *(run off.)*

Mrs. A. Perhaps here's indeed ſome perſon of condition, and my dreſs—*(goes to the glaſs.)*

All. (without.) This way, dear Sir,—Mrs. Allbut waits the honour of receiving you.

Re-enters.

Mrs. A. Why didn't you give me more notice?

Allb. Pray walk in, Sir, *(ſtands ceremonioufly expecting.)*

Enter William.

Mr. Bellevue, Mrs. Allbut.---*(introducing.)*

Mrs. A. (ſtarts.) Ah!—introduce your filthy tarpaulins to me—who's there! Shew the fellow out.

Will. Madam, though its quite a novelty my being deſired to quit this houſe—yet as it was once my mother's, I think I can find my way. *(going.)*

All. Stop! *(Holds him. Apart to Mrs. A.)* The devil's in you—are you going to make the ſame blunder with him you did with Charley Willows? You won't be convinc'd that he's come home with the caſh till you ſee the banker's chariot.---Billy, be ſeated.

Mrs. A. Upon my ſopha! *(pulls it away.)* Go about your bus'neſs.

All. Stay, Peter!—A bottle of ſack for me and my friend.

Will. Now is it the wife or the huſband that gives me the real welcome? *(aſide.)* [*Peter ſerves wine.*

All. Here's friendſhip without intereſt, and a ſpeedy kick up to all ſcoundrels. (*Drinks and coughs.*)

Mrs. A. One wou'd think, Sir, that you got the wine out o' th' rivers—I inſiſt---

All. (apart.) So rich—brought home from the Indies—my dear Billy (*ſhakes hands*) cargoes of nankeens, bamboos, pepper, tea, china, fontaragree, lacca, and bagatapaex.—Love, doesn't Billy look charmingly? The dolts without there think him quite a man of gold—and I humour'd them in it, tho' I know 'twas no ſuch thing—*(apart)* he has money enough to ruin us for chouſing his mother.

Mrs. A. (changing manner.) Proteſt I did not know him at firſt!

All. There, you ſee ſhe did not know you at firſt—*(apart)* ſeem to think him poor and behave kind to him.

Mrs. A. And the Willows' family—this croud of ſucceſs, ſo provoking! *(aſide.)* My dear William, I'm ſorry for your own ſake you've had no better fortune abroad; but you are as welcome—

All. As the poſtman!

Will. When I reflect on certain proceedings towards my mother, I am at a loſs how to account for this very extraordinary kindneſs to myſelf.

All. Billy—didn't I tell you the good lady cou'dn't ſtoop to live in this ſcene of bus'neſs?

Mrs. A. Mrs. Bellevue, my dear, you know, was a woman of quality—deſpis'd every mechanic idea, and we indulg'd—let her have her own way.

All. I've plagu'd myſelf with the whole property merely to rid the dear gentlewoman of trouble of bus'neſs—I've toil'd, while ſhe lives ſnug in the cottage without a care to make a grey hair. Peter, has John taken the coach for Mrs. Bellevue?

Mrs. A. (aſide.) My coach!

Will. Sir, I'll call and bring—

All.

All. I ſuffer the dear lady to ſhuffle through the mud!—What ſhou'd a gentleman keep a coach for, but to accommodate people that are genteel and honeſt—Go! *(to Peter.)*

Peter. Our coach for the poor widow—well! [*Exit.*

Will. (Aſide.) Some balance this againſt Charles's unkind—

All. Billy, conceal your poverty and you'll get enough to help you; for your ſordid raſcals are always thruſting their money on thoſe they are ſure don't want it—your travels may have exhauſted your caſh---command my purſe. *(Gives money to William.)*

Mrs. A. Nay, my love; you musn't engroſs all Mr. Bellevue's compliments—my dear William accept—I'll not be refus'd—*(giving him her purſe.)*

Will. Eh! the world ſeems better than I thought it—yet this unexpected *(aſide)*—Pray, Sir, how long has the marriage been talk'd of between Maria and your Doctor here?

Mrs. A. The firſt I heard of it. *(Apart.)*

All. Or I, *(apart)* huſh!—Only from their finding out your empty pockets.

Will. Really!

All. (Aſide.) I'll get the doctor's bones broke—offer to take ten pounds from me? Grigſby's a terrible rival! abus'd you at ſuch a rate only for thinking of his Maria—my love, you know he ſaid he'd kick Billy.

Will. Scoundrel! but is he worth my anger? I'll conſult my Iriſh friend the Captain. *(aſide)* *(A loud knock without.)* My figure!—if you expect company permit me—

All. Poh! What's a man's outſide? We'll pack 'em off, and then us three will make party quarri over a ſnug bit of ſupper. Ecod, my love, Billy ſhall have ſhare of Doctor Grigſby's little wild pig—hey, diddle dig!

[*Exeunt* William *and* Allbut.

Mrs. A. (looking out.) Mrs. Bellevue in my houſe! this is indeed a ſacrifice to one's intereſt!

Enter Peter.

Peter. Ma'am, Mrs. Bellevue wou'dn't come in the coach.

Mrs. A. Proud wretch! ay; ſhe'll not join in William's deception upon us—our ſudden notice of her will appear ſo unaccountable, I ſcarce know what colour to give it. *(Retires.)*

Enter Mrs. Bellevue.

Mrs. Bell. Theſe people muſt have ſome motive for their reverſe of conduct---has Providence wrought it in their hearts, or do they dread my ſon's indignation: and yet who is faultleſs! If their contrition is real, I ſhou'd meet it with forgiveneſs---I hope you'll excuſe my warmth this morning.

Mrs. A. Oh, Madam, pay don't mention it, as the poet ſays,

The heart that's wounded by the dart of fate,
Aſſumes in dire diſtreſs ſublimer ſtate.

It hurts me, Madam, to think---that---ſtill ſome little miſunderſtanding or other ſhou'd have unluckily kept us at ſuch a diſtance. I fear---I have been wrong---the ſight again of your dear William reviv'd ſparks of former kindneſs.

Mrs. Bell. Accept my thanks for the reception you have given him---he left me juſt now in great trouble of mind.

Mrs. A. Madam, won't you pleaſe to ſit---Peter! Chocolate.

Peter. Chocolate too! [*Exit.*

Mrs. A. Now, Madam, you ſhou'd be happy---how aſtoniſhingly Mr. William's improv'd!

Mrs. Bell. He's certainly very good, and I am ſure he has gratitude---he's hurt exceedingly at ſome change in his friend Charles, but your attention to him in his preſent circumſtances---

Mrs. A. Circumſtances! Gratitude! Can ſhe too give into this little artifice her ſon is playing off upon us? I'll try her farther. *(Aſide.)* Life is ſubject to viciſſitude, and did we withdraw our countenance from our friends in the hour of calamity we ſhould be barbarians, Mrs. Bellevue.

Mrs. Bell. But, Madam; tho' my ſon is now diſtreſs'd, and has found me in extreme indigence---

Mrs. A. Diſtreſs'd!

Mrs. Bell. The hour may yet come when---

Mrs. A. Stop, Madam; *(riſes)* anſwer me---Is your ſon's poverty real? It muſt be ſo---this creature is above a falſhood.

Enter Peter, *offers Chocolate to* Mrs. Bellevue---Mrs. Allbut *put its aſide.*

What's the blockhead about? Mr. Allbut! *(calling.)*

Enter

Enter Allbut.

That fellow isn't worth a ſhilling!

All. What my ſweet Willy! No?

Mrs. Bell. I'm ſure he cou'dn't attempt to impoſe the contrary upon you.

All. He did! Becauſe he ſaid he was poor, I thought he was rich---it's ſuch a damn'd lying world! Give him a ſupper!---Betty! Take the pig from the fire!

Mrs. A. He took my purſe!

Mrs. Bell. So then, all this humanity that I---

Mrs. A. I like people chatt'ring of humanity, that have nothing to loſe by it!

All. Fine talk of hoſpitality, when they can't lay in coals enough to boil an egg for their ſallad! Peter! *(bawls)* Where's the ſailor?

Peter. Sir, he went out, he ſaid, to look for ſome Iriſh Captain.

All. Bring an Iriſh Captain upon us!

Mrs. A. We're robb'd! [*Exit.*

All. And bobb'd! [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bell. What can they mean? What new miſchief to my unhappy child?

Enter Captain Mullinahack.

Capt. M. Pray, my pretty lad, was there e'er a young William come in here?

Mrs. Bell. I fancy you mean my ſon, Sir,

Capt. M. Your ſon! Oh, then may be, Madam, you're his mother?---a moſt noble preſence! I vow to my honour I ſhou'd like to ſit down by her ſide to a piece of roaſt beef. *(aſide.)* Stop! *(to* Peter *who is removing)* ſuppoſe I partake of theſe people's kindneſs, and ſave them the trouble of an invitation---Madam, will you do me the honour to take a diſh of chocolate?

Mrs. Bell. Sir, have you ſeen my ſon?---What do theſe people intend?---I am tortur'd with the moſt extreme and perplexing ſolicitude!

Capt. M. Poor lady! Then I'll divert her ſorrows with an account of my own misfortunes *(aſide.)* Firſt, Madam, it may be neceſſary to inform you I'm an Iriſhman and a foreign officer; but when I did accept a French commiſſion, England had no ſhare in the quarrel; for, Madam, let me be blown into chops and griſkins from the mouth of a cannon, when I turn

turn my face as an enemy againſt George my belov'd King, and Ireland my honour'd country!

Mrs. Bell. Well, Sir; your acquaintance with my ſon?

Capt. M. Oh, we fought ourſelves into the ſtricteſt amity ---Madam, I took a Dutch prize and he took it from me---ſo when my kicking and cuffing about cou'dn't ſave it, I jump'd overboard---

Mrs. Bell. How, Sir---

Capt. M. And to ſecure myſelf a welcome in 't'other world, I brought the brave boy, your ſon, along with me.

Mrs. Bell. Oh, heavens! then it is---

Capt. M. We were pick'd up together, and got to ſhore---our little money was ſoon ſpent---loyalty forbids my return to France.

Mrs. Bell. To what perils have I expos'd my boy!

Capt. M. My brother, Ma'am, is a Lord; no fault of his, he was born to it---not, Madam, a humpy Lord; but a real right honourable, that can row a boat and play cricket---that walks about the town in an old coat with a ſtar tack'd to it, that the people might take off their hats and ſay---oh, he's a duke!

Mrs. Bell. But, Sir;---*(with anxiety.)*

Capt. M. Madam, I don't know how it was; but we cou'dn't agree, and you know that muſt have been his fault, becauſe I happen'd to marry one day---my wife had only beauty and virtue, and I ſpent my own little fortune in all the ſplendor of a younger brother; then I came away in a huff.

Mrs. Bell. Sir; will you be a friend to my ſon?

Capt. M. Ay, Madam; and I hope I can be a friend to him: for our family eſtate and title deſcend only in the male line; to be ſure my elder brother's wife, the Lady Caſtle-Somers was juſt brought to bed; but I left Ireland in ſuch a hurry, that I don't know this moment, whether I am an aunt or an uncle.

Enter Allbut.

All. I'll have him!

Capt. M. Sir, will you take a diſh of chocolate? *(drinks.)*

All. What! *(ſtaring.)*

Enter Mrs. Allbut.

Capt. M. Madam, do you prefer ſome dry toaſt, or plum-cake?

Mrs. A.

Mrs. A. We're not at all ambitious of this honour---

Mrs. Bell. The intruſion wasn't my choice.

Capt. M. Nor mine; but ſince they're here make free.

Mrs. A. You make very free!

All. To ſup our tea.

Capt. M. Oh, you're come here to drink tea; never mind being aſham'd about it---you're heartily welcome.

Mrs. A. Can the man know that we're in our own houſe?

Capt. M. (*ſurpriz'd ſets down his cup.*) Oh, you're Mrs. Allbut---then there's ſix-pence for your cup of chocolate, and keep the halfpenny yourſelf, (*throws down money.*)

Allb. Here's an affront! (*pockets the money.*)

Mrs. Bell. Sir, can I ſpeak with you?---you can give me information that my ſon's modeſty will not ſuffer him to diſcover.

Capt. M. (*bowing, takes her hand.*) Mr. Allbut, Sir, have the honour to---(*Allbut bows*) deſpiſe you.

[*Exit leading Mrs.* Bellevue.

(*A ſhot heard at a diſtance.*)

Enter Peter.

Peter. Oh, Ma'am, I fear I've done miſchief---I lent a caſe of piſtols out of the hall to Mr. Bellevue and—

All. William taken piſtols—ah, true—gone after Doctor Grigſby—then I know where to find my purſe—Peter—my juſtice wig—musn't loſe my money! I'm a magiſtrate, and authority begins at home. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Before* Grigſby's *Houſe. Candles at a Window.*

Enter Grigſby and *Shopman.*

Shop. Sir, do you think we've candles enough up?

Grig. No. I wiſh we had colour'd lamps---a fine tranſparent C. W. Mr. Willows would take that for ſuch a high compliment---They've made a bonfire at the Roſe and Crackers---ſince I've no pateraroes, I'll give another double ſhot. (*takes piſtols.*)

Shop. Oh, Sir, you'll alarm the whole village!

[*Exit.*

Grig. (*Bawling*) Tom! touch 'em with turpentine, and they'll be ready to light up as ſoon as dark. Have I the ſquibs?---yes. Dam'me how I'll fling 'em about!---Land-

lord of the Roſe won't take his wine from me, tho' I made him a preſent of two decanters, ſixteen to the dozen---a nice occaſion to break his windows---the glazier's my cuſtomer! Now I'll go up to drink tea with my bride, and lay my vardi againſt Jollyboy---a few links to my paliſadoes---noble blaze! (*goes in.*)

Enter Captain Mullinahack.

Capt. M. Let Sir Henry Cheek, whoever he is, wait! Buſineſs muſt give way to honour. William ſays that his rival is one of the learned profeſſions; but whether in the law or the army I quite forget. However, my friend can't be degraded by fighting him. I muſt deliver my meſſage in a decent manner---

Re-enter Grigſby.

But which is---oh, Mr. Jack Pudding!

Grig. What! Oh, I remember you.

Capt. M. Which is Grigſby's?

Grig. Sir, what do you want with Mr. Grigſby!

Capt. M. Faith I'm come to call him out.

Grig. Well, he's out already.

Capt. M. Oh, you mean he's not at home. Now here I'm making a blowing-horn of this buſineſs, and we ſhall have the ſheriffs and beadles all about us--- (*aſide.*) I don't come about any quarrel.

Grig. Who cares whether you do or no---What the devil do you want with me?

Capt. M. You! Oh, this is a comical looking learned profeſſor. (*aſide.*) Then you are the gentleman?

Grig. Gentleman---he, he, he!---civil enough---but his brogue, moſt infernal hellebore. (*aſide.*)

Capt. M. Firſt, Sir, I'm an officer.

Grig. Cuſtom-houſe! (*aſide*) ---come to ſearch? dam'me, Sir, down into my cellar---I have a few gallons of nullage among my pieces of wine, ſo flouriſh your gauging-rule---who cares for your exciſe ſcratching-irons, and meaſuring-gallopers.

Capt. M. Softly, ſoftly, with your ſcratching and galloping. I'm come from a gentleman.

Grig. (*aſide.*) Oh, an order! Sir, beſides my old bottl'd, I've neat wine in the wood.

Capt.

Capt. M. Wood! yes, you ſeem to have a ſup in your head---be quiet---I am come from---

Grig. Oh, a patient!

Capt. M. My friend is---

Grig. Dropſical.

Capt. M. No! my friend is---

Grig. Feveretical.

Capt. M. No! he's---

Grig. Gout or rheumatical.

Capt. M. Not in the leaſt; he's---

Grig. Eriſypelatical.

Capt. M. No! I tell you he's---

Grig. Sanguine apoplectical.

Capt. M. (*impatient.*) No, no! Sir! no! he's exceedingly hurt---

Grig. Hurt! oh, a fracture in the os caries.

Capt. M. No, Sir! but---

Grig. A luxation of the os humerum.

Capt. M. No ſuch thing, Sir! it's---

Grig. A diſlocation of the membrum funerum.

Capt. M. Zounds, Sir! no, it's---

Grig. A gibbous body in the latera.

Capt. M. 'Sblood, Sir, no, no! I tell you no!---Why my friend's coming here to ſhoot magpies. (*aſide.*)

Grig. Then, zounds, Sir, tell me what is his complaint, for it is impoſſible I can gueſs.

Capt. M. Sir, he does not complain about it; but you might have known that he has an affection---

Grig. Oh, a convulſive affection in the midriff---theſe ariſe from ill humours in the---

Capt. M. He's good-humour'd enough, Sir,---yet he cannot digeſt---

Grig. A bad digeſtion---I underſtand---alexipharmic---then, Sir, after ſpeaking aloud, ſinging, running, or drinking, as we of the faculty ſay, dilutifactitious liquification of ſwallow's-neſt---he ſhou'd take four ſcruples, two drams---

Capt. M. He is a gentleman, and deſpiſes drinking drams---Sir, I don't know what you mean?

Grig. I mean, Sir, water-gruel, if his ſtomach's ill.

Capt. M. He has a very good ſtomach; ſo have I---water-gruel! By the ſmoke of all your chimnies, your pots and ſpits go merrily, but a man may walk about and look at the outſide of your houſes---

Grig. What!

Capt. M. Sir, don't talk of water-gruel.

Grig. Why true, Sir, as we of the faculty ſay, ſome prefer butter-milk---but---

Capt. M. Oh, here's a national reflection! Hark'ee, friend, talk again of potatoes and butter-milk, and---

Grig. Why, Sir, ſheep's-head broth is more mucilaginous, as a lacteal lachrymoligon, with an emmolient mixture of Jews-ears and pulveriſh'd cockle-ſhells---

Capt. M. Stop!---don't ſay another word, but tell me what you mean!

Grig. What do I mean---Album grecum---a decoction of logwood---there's expectoration for you!

Capt. M. Will you give my friend the meeting?

Grig. Certainly.

Capt. M. And will you give him ſatisfaction?

Grig. I flatter myſelf I am able to do that---I don't fear giving ſatisfaction to him and his whole family---I'll cure him---

Capt. M. Here comes my friend!

Grig. Abroad! here's variety!---a patient coming out without the help of an undertaker!

Enter William.

Will. This affair, end as it may, muſt alarm my mother. (*aſide.*) Well, Captain, have you told him?---But wou'dn't a caning--- (*apart.*)

Capt. M. Fie, fie, to be ſure he's a foul-mouth'd man; but he's ready to anſwer what he ſays.

Will. I'm aſham'd to tell my friend this fellow's ſo deſpicable; yet, then he'd not think of urging a ſerious contention.

Grig. Why it's Willy Bellevue!---his pia mater!--- (*looking at his forehead.*) How d'ye do? (*ſhakes hands.*)

Capt. M. That's right! Courage without malice---We'll all ſtep yonder, and in five minutes time perform the operation.

Grig. Operation!---my inſtruments---

Capt. M. Seems a very good caſe in your hand.

Grig. Theſe! ha, ha, ha! That will be one way of curing indeed!---very good---after a leaden pill, the patient cou'd never complain o' th' doctor!

Will. Trifling with this fool!---I'll ſee Maria and upbraid her---No! I'll inſiſt upon an explanation from Charles---

[*Exit. Capt.*

Capt. M. Stop, William! Come this way, and among the trees we'll---

Grig. The trees! Step into my little parlour.

Capt. M. Little parlour! Oh, you don't want to ſettle the affair 'croſs a table.

Grig. I'll tie him in a chair.

Capt. M. Will you?

Grig. Then with my ſaw---

Capt. M. Saw!---Death and 'oons, if you're ſo deſperate, have you got a ſecond?

Grig. He's gone out for candles! Bring my razor---hem---my amputating knife!

Capt. M. Do you think we're in America going upon a ſcalping party! (*draws a knife*) ---and by the Heavens I'll--- (*in a low tone.*)

Grig. Bring my ſalve-box, diachylon, and tourniquet.

Capt. M. None o' your tourniquets or tomahawks.

Grig. I'll handle you as gently---The lint and bandage---I'll give you ſuch a dreſſing---

Capt. M. Handle me! I'll give you a dreſſing!

(*Beats* Griſby.)

Grig. Help! Murder!

Enter Allbut, (*in Juſtice-wig*) *with a Conſtable and* Jollyboy.

All. Here, Conſtable, knock him down and take him up! [*Exit* Grigſb *roaring.*

He has broke the peace! Why didn't you beat him?---Juſtice! Where's William?

Capt. M. Oh, I'll have *you*! (*looking out.*) I've heard of your juſtice! (*collars Allbut.*) Liſten, oppreſſor of the widow---plunderer of the orphan---you call for juſtice! As I now ſhake your ugly body before this bleſſed ſun that's going down upon your head, let your villainous ſoul tremble at night upon your pillow, you ſcoundrel! [*Exit.*

Joll. Bravo, Captain! Oh, how I ſhould like to croſs the rough ocean of life in conſort with ſuch a man of war---we'd chace affliction, take diſtreſs'd merit under our convoy, and bring it ſafe to the harbour of comfort.

All. What d'ye talk of, Captain---I'd keep up a fire with e'er an admiral in the navy.

Joll. Yes, in a ſnug parlour with a poker in your hand. Mrs. Allbut has promis'd, inſtead of wiping away her tears

at fictitious woe, when real misery appears, she'll put her hand in her pocket---and now a word with you.

All. At church I'll sit in my pew. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Village. Enter* Charles, *dress'd.*

Cha. I will not be accessary to Maria's certain disgrace and future unhappiness, by tacitly complying with her caprice; her union with this sorry fellow must not be.

Enter Sir Henry *and* Louisa, *dress'd.*

Louisa. You're very good, Sir Henry.

Sir H. Sir---Miss Louisa Somners. Madam---

Louisa. Oh, Sir Henry, I could have introduc'd this gentleman to you. We have met before---hav'n't we, Sir?

Cha. To my infinite pleasure, Madam. (*Bows.*)

Sir H. Oh, this is very well---then, since you're already acquainted, I hope a similarity of sentiments will save me even a wish for a more tender intercourse between two such amiable persons. (*Going.*)

Louisa. Now, Sir Henry, pray don't go.

Sir H. Madam, didn't I promise to find a very unexpected friend for you?

Louisa. True---to oblige me, won't you excuse Sir Henry? (*To Charles.*)

Cha. Self-interest, Madam, when the cause leaves me with a lady I so much admire.

Sir H. (*apart to Charles.*) Follow that, Mr. Willows---niece to an Irish peer---a desirable alliance! When your sister Maria gives her hand to my nephew, our family will be very leading in both kingdoms.

(Sir Henry *and* Charles *confer.*)

Louisa. This Mr. Bellevue's experiment to prove his friend was well enough; but his conduct to his mother and this young lady is very equivocal---leaves one in a cottage, and breaks a solemn engagement to the other. (*Aside.*)

Sir H. Most obedient. [*Exit.*

Louisa. Sir, I wish'd for an occasion to talk to you a little, and you shall not again send me out of the way. (*mimicks.*) "Ma'am, I beg your pardon, I must speak to this lady"---and the poor favour'd---this lady, soon follows me in a shower of piteous tears---don't be offended; but I must inquire---What reason had you to break off that match?

Cha. Then she has heard of my sister Maria and---(*aside.*) Madam, 'twas disproportionate---a very vulgar connection.

Louisa.

Louiſa. (aſide.) True; I heard ſhe was ſervant to Mrs. Allbut, but I thought her a very elegant woman tho'.

Cha. Madam, ſhe reflected a diſgrace upon me; I'd wiſh to have conceal'd it from you; but ſince it's notorious, her partiality for the barber ſurgeon here---

Louiſa. Oh, then you're jealous of Dr. Grigſby.

Cha. Jealous, Madam!

Louiſa. Now I've done that pretty well, I'll queſtion him on his treatment to his poor mother. *(aſide.)* Sir, you've acquir'd a fortune abroad---don't you bluſh not to take a little more notice of your honour'd parent?

Cha. Madam, I have taken every notice that obedience and duty can dictate---my honoured parent ſhall never want an eaſy chair and a cheerful bottle.

Louiſa. Oh, this is a horrid man!---he'd inſinuate---Sir, no aſperſion can injure Mrs. Bellevue in my opinion; and I'm ſorry that your conduct has turn'd it ſo very much againſt her ſon---but a child's protection the parent ſhall never miſs whilſt I can prove myſelf the friend and comforter of aged benevolence. [*Exit.*

Cha. Very odd this! What can ſhe mean---what conduct of *mine* cou'd change her opinion of *William Bellevue?*---Why angry that my old father ſhou'd have an eaſy chair and a bottle---but the ſweet character of her charity prepar'd my heart for the impreſſion made by her beauty. As Sir Henry obſerves---if I cou'd obtain her with all my wealth, a reſpectable introduction into life is an object---but my ſiſter and this Grigſby! no! ſhe ſhall have Sir Henry's nephew---a ſplendid thing! her affections are alienated from William, ſo I don't injure him.

Enter William.

Will. Why 'tis he---ſo dreſs'd! the report's then true of my dear Charles---I give you joy, though your motive for concealing your ſucceſs from me---but anſwer me; do you know of your ſiſter's change?

Cha. Ay, William! let her go---ſhe's not worthy of ſuch an honeſt fellow.

Will. Then ſhe has your approbation of her perfidy?

Cha. (*aſide.*) Call me to an account! this is rather building too much upon our former intimacy. I ſhou'd deſpiſe myſelf if pride of riches, or hope of more honourable alliance, cou'd warp my heart from an old friend---yet---look'ye, Sir---

Will. Sir!

Cha.

Cha. Your marrying my ſiſter is now out of ſight; but to atone for her perfidy, as you indeed juſtly call it, and in conſideration of our former acquaintance---

Will. Acquaintance! (*much hurt.*)

Cha. Whatever pecuniary embarraſſments you may labour under, if the ſum you'll find here is not ſufficient to extricate you, you may command---(*gives a ſmall pocket book.*)

Will. Sir, I thank you---for---your---bounty---my heart will burſt---(*aſide*) your humane---feelings---for---my abject poverty---(*with great emotion flings down the pocket book.*)

Enter Mrs. Bellevue, *agitated.*

Madam, I have loſt my Maria!

Mrs. Bell. Then Charles retaliates upon you my former endeavours to ſeparate you from his ſiſter---unkind at ſuch a time! but what I've juſt heard is a treaſure of triumph!---Sir, was not the veſſel that brought your wealth to Europe captur'd at ſea?---And but for the intrepidity of one brave young man, might you not, at this moment, be as much the wretched object of ſcorn, as you now *ſuppoſe* my ſon?---Behold the preſerver of your fortune!

Chas. Was William the ſeamen that---(*aſtoniſhed.*)

Mrs. Bell. He was. My gallant ſon! who forgot he had a life to loſe, when call'd by honour, and impell'd by duty---

Will. The owner of Captain Vanſluiſen's cargo! (*ſurpriz'd.*)

Cha. My friend! The companion of my youth!---I've pierc'd the heart that loves me---I ſee, now, pride did bias me when I---my generous benefactor too!---that gave me his laſt ſhilling! (*Aſide.*)

Enter Sir Henry Check.

Sir H. Now, Sir, where's your ſiſter?---Give me leave to introduce my nephew---

Cha. I know nothing about your nephew, Sir Henry.

Enter Maria.

Here, ſiſter, take your William; and if ever I hear a word of your infernal Doctor Grigſby; I'll cut his throat.

Enter

Enter Grigſby.

Grig. Ladies and gentlemen, your moſt obedient---brother, your's---how d'ye, Widow? Your moſt humble Gally Pot---I'm juſt coming from the moſt pleaſing adventure---a certain officer was misfortunate enough to fall into my hands---he! he! he! affronted me! but dem'me I ſick'n'd him of ſuch aquatic frolics---my little cane here emancipated the pulveriz'd ligaments of his cinabar lobſter-ſhell---I ſwitch'd him---I knock'd---

Capt. M. (*without.*) I'll catch you, you raſcal; where is the dog?

Grig. Some gentleman loſt his dog---hey, Pompey---Pompey---(*whiſtles and runs about.*)

Enter Captain Mullinahack.

Capt. M. I'll beat you as black---

Grig. A black dog---a pretty dog. (*Whiſtles.*)

Capt. M. Oh, you're there.

Grig. Where Pompey---poor fellow. (*Whiſtles.*)

Capt. M. I'll razor and tomahawk you; you raſcal, I aſk'd for a ſecond, and he ſaid he was gone to buy candles!

Grig. I take ſhelter in your arms---oh! my love!

(*Runs to* Maria---William *puſhes him back.*)

Capt. M. Depart! or by the powers!---

Grig. Depart? Oh, by the powers of med'cine, I'll make ſome of you depart!---loſt my wife!---I'll---

Capt. M. You'll what?

Grig. Squibs and aquæ fortis! (*Enter* Louiſa.) Want our change---hav'n't ſo much in the till---ſend you a pound of bees wax---a fine crocodile. (*Runs off.*)

Maria. Dear William!---brother!---why ſuppoſe I cou'd think of ſuch a wretch?

Cha. Then our errors all proceeded from his abſurd vanity.

Sir H. Here, Madam, is the friend I promis'd---(*pointing to the Captain.*)

Capt. M. Eh! (*looking.*)

Louiſa. Heav'ns! Do my eyes deceive me, or---it is---

Capt. M. Louiſa!

Louiſa. My father!

Capt. M. Ladies and gentlemen, won't you wiſh me joy? Why this is my cherub! my darling! that fellow'd me to

France and back again---flying after me through all my wars like a dove with an olive-branch in her mouth.

Louiſa. Dear father, by letters, thro' the medium of Sir Henry, my uncle acknowledges his unkindneſs; and intreats you to return in the moſt cordial terms of affection.

Capt. M. This morning I walk'd about here, and did n't know where to break my faſt.---If he gives me a bit of an eſtate, I'll build ſuch a country houſe! the ſign, my family arms, and my motto---walk in and eat, all that want a dinner! Ah, child! there's only one thing more you cou'd do, to make me happier---here's the neat boy, that cut and ſlaſh'd your dear Father about---that ſtood upon the deck, ſhaking the bullets out of his hair like a mermaid.---With your leave, Madam; (*to Mrs. Bellevue.*) Louiſa, take from my hand William Bellevue.

(Louiſa *looks ſurpriz'd at the Captain and* Charles.)

Cha. Nay, William, this will be puniſhment, if you reject my ſiſter, and rob me of happineſs for ever.

Louiſa. Ha, ha, ha! I ſee it! Oh, what a ridiculous miſtake have I been under!

Cha. Then, Madam, you ſuppos'd that my name was Bellevue. (*To Louiſa.*)

Capt. M. Sir, might I aſpire to render myſelf acceptable to your charming daughter?

Will. My honour'd mother! My dear Charles!---Here, firſt ſet his lordſhip an example. (*To Maria.*)

Joll. (*without*) Come along!---don't be aſham'd of ſome good, by way of variety!---

Enter Jollyboy *and* Allbut, *in Apron and Sleeves, with a Box.*

Give them! Madam, there are all your papers.

Mrs. Bell. Who are you? (*to Allbut.*)

Joll. Your clerk.

Capt. M. What! the great juſtice o' peace!

All. Ay, honeſt little Jack Allbut.

Capt. M. Oh! little honeſt Jack Allbut.

Joll. He reſtores your houſe, and all your's---his ill-got poſſeſſions.

All. Ay, I'm a man of conſcience, I deſpiſe wronging the widow and the orphan, becauſe I don't like to go to law---with a long claw.

Louiſa. So, my worthy landlord, when people owe you money, you make them pay you in your own coin---but Margery taught me to thank you for your ten pounds.

Maria.

Maria. And me to retract my ill opinion of a good man.

Cha. My dear William, by a look back to our paſt adventures, you'll enjoy the recollection that you have borne unmerited adverſity---and I, whilſt my pride in undeſerved proſperity is puniſhed, ſhall be taught by my reception here, that when diſtreſs preſents itſelf before me, the bittereſt drop in the cup of human miſery is, the world's contempt.

Mrs. Bell. Thus you'll deſerve your wealth---and when inſpir'd by Heav'n to diſpenſe the bleſſings it has ſent you alone for that benign purpoſe, wait not for the application of modeſt indigence---ſeek her in her ſad retreat, cheer her with your ſmiles, wipe away her tears, comfort and relieve her.

Will. Charles, begin your acts of benevolence by ſhewing your gratitude to this worthy man, (*pointing to Joll.*)

Joll. Thank you, Madam. But as the wind ſometimes diverts itſelf by playing in the ſails of my mill, and people will obſtinately perſiſt in this odd whim of eating bread, I think I may do pretty well as I am. Ay, we may ſee the world in our village! But a fig for the world---Let induſtry ſecure independence; and if wealth or poverty will come, let the rich man be proud only of his power to be the poor man's friend.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Written and ſpoken by Mrs. ESTEN.

THE World in a Village!—Lord help the ſilly man!
Where could he ſtumble on ſuch an old faſhion'd plan!
Here's a fine Lady for me, exhauſting her ſtore
In diſcharging of debts and relieving the poor;
And, inſtead among Bucks of making a racket,
Falls in love with a ſwain, oh, faugh! in a jacket.
The Lover too, rich, young, without one toniſh vice—
No racing, no betting, no intriguing, no dice.
The World in a Village!—I declare I'd as ſoon
Expect natural traits from a World in the Moon.
Well, if they give me ſuch parts, I'll ſo it manage,
Commence an Authoreſs myſelf, and write for the Stage.
The World in a Village! 'tis the World in a Town—
That's your ſort, that's the go, and, 'faith, I'll write 'em down.
Give to the Poor!
'Tis what Ladies in high life can't afford to do,
They have Dreſs, Equipage, Balls, Concerts, Pharo, Loo,
Debts, Duns, and Fees for every ſecret Billet-doux.
Lady Fanny Dawdle, juſt riſen from her down bed,
In the hard taſk of nicely blending white and red,
Glancing her languid eyes from the dear glaſs a minute,
Cries, "Betty, unfold that paper,---ſee what's in it".
"Yes, my Lady:
"It's a petition, Mem, from a poor ſoldier's wife,
"Laying in of twins, Mem, juſt as he loſt his life!"—
"Bleſs me, Betty, this freckle ſpoils every feature;
"I'm vaſtly ſorry I can't ſerve the poor creature:
"I've too much feeling for an income ſo ſmall---
"Don't forget Lady Froth's ticket for my grand Ball."
Then the men, oh, they are precious niddy noddies,
With their throats tied up, falſe calves, and taper bodies:
Pert men at ſeventeen, inſolvents at twenty;
At twenty-five, invalids---old men at thirty.

Here's

Here's daſhing Dick Squanders the great Nabob's rich heir,
With caſh at his banker's, and ten thouſand a year,
Would he his aſſociates of faſhion diſgrace
By rememb'ring a friend with a ſorrowful face?
No, demme, not he, he's up to all that there gig—
Know a poor friend!---Oh, curſe it, that's a pretty rig.
But one likeneſs, I own, is ſucceſsfully taken,
A likeneſs ſo ſtrong, it cannot be miſtaken;
In the true Britiſh ſailor how often we meet
Generoſity's home---Liberality's ſeat!
Who, tho' hardy, humane; if improvident, juſt;
Ever conſtant in love, ever true to his truſt;
Who invites the unhappy to ſhare in his meſs,
Who ne'er turn'd his back on a friend in diſtreſs;
Who, 'midſt danger and death, will courageouſly ſing,
May our arms be victorious, and long live the King!